

DUNT ESK!!



BY
MILT GROSS



From Daddy
To

George

Christmas 1928.

DUNT ESK!!

MILT GROSS

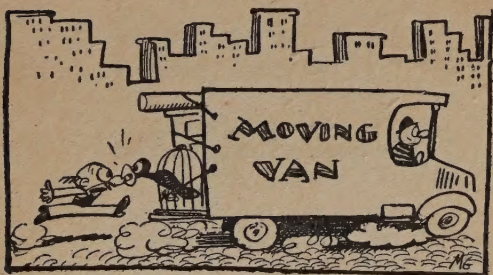


DUNT ESK!!

BY

MILT GROSS

Author of "NIZE BABY," "HIAWATTA," ETC.



ILLUSTRATED
BY THE AUTHOR

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DUNT ESK !!

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ONE

CUTTSHEEP FROM MILES STENDISH

DUNT ESK

ONE

CUTTSHEEP FROM MILES STENDISH, WIT A PROLOCK,
WIT A HEPILOCK

PROLOCK

*Wance oppon witt a time, in Pleemout, de lend
from de Peelgreems,*

*Too witt fro in a room—a seemple wan, nitt bot
not guddy—*

*Hop witt don in de room, witt beck witt futt witt
arond yat,*

*Hitter witt titter witt yon—making squikks in de
floor, motched de Keptain—*

*Squikking witt cricking de floor, made a squats right
witt squats laft de Keptain;*

*Bron like a not was de faze, witt a poimenant wafe
in de wheeskers.*

*Fife foot two stoot de Keptain—of cuss in de stock-
ing fitt honly—*

*Shutt in statue he was bot from pheezical feetness
a movvel—*

*Teeping de bimm et two hondred witt feefty-five
ponds witt a hounce yat.*

*By a dask on a cherr in de cunner was seeting John
Halden, de streepling,*

Seeting was sitted de streepling,

Epeestles de streepling was screebling:

*Hout from de pan it flew peregrephs, tsentences,
cluzzes witt phrazes,*

*Tsylabbles, latters witt peerods, it flew from de pan
cowrispowndence—*

Like it flies hout de spocks from a spockler—

On de Futt from July, wot it spockles.

HECT WAN

Keptain (geeving a break de silence)—You rad
dees monnink de paper, John?

John—I rad.

Keptain—You rad de noose hotticles?

John—I rad.

Keptain—You rad de sputting paches?

John—I rad.

Keptain—You rad de “Edwise to de Lufflun”?

John—I deedn't rad!

Keptain—So ridd!!

John—I'm ridding. (Ridds.) “Dirr Bittrice Ferrfex: I'm a indiwidjil from futty-seex yirrs from hage—wot I'm dipply in luff by a yong goil wot she's by me witt tree times de joonior. So wot I should do? I should pruppuzze, odder I shouldn't pruppuzze?—Henxious.”

“Henxious—pruppuzze. Bot hire batter a foist-class pruppuzzer he should make for you de pruppuzzle.”

Hmm—mmm Yi yi yi!! KEPTAIN!!! . . .
You—min . . . ??? . . . ??

Keptain—You illacted!!

HECT TWO

Preeceela—Go hatt, John, dollink — spick frilly!!

John—Mm-mm! You—mm—hoid maybe from de Broning wit de Pitches Hinnan beez-ness?? ?——?

Preeceela—So is wot——??

John—Wal—it deedn't was gredually sotch a bed preposition!!

Preeceela—Rilly!!!

John—Besites—is axpacting anny day now it should deescover Pounce de Leon de Fontain from Yoot!! So——

Preeceela—Ciss plizze de bitting arond de boosh!!



John—Wal—is so: You hoid maybe from Miles Stendish? Mm—a wanderful men—wot he came over yat on de Mayflower—wot is by heem a lodge assuttment from goot points.

Preeceela—Is dees a fect!!—You dun't talling me!!—So to-morrow you'll breeng me maybe from a puckupine a pruppuzzle!!—wot is by heem ulso

a lodge assuttment from goot points, ha? Besites—
hm—wot's de metter—You a creeple? ? ? ? ?

HECT TREE

(Henter a Hindian) Hindian—Yi yi yi—geeve
a look—is gung on here fights witt squapples on
accont from a flepper! ! Ha ha ha—a copple
dopes! ! Ho, by de way, here is from de Chiff a
message!

Keptain—Hm—so—a snake-skeen it stoffs me
opp you Chiff witt bows witt harrow, ha? Is maybe
from hostillitizz a hindication? ?

Hindian—Ha ha! ! Fullish quastion nine
tousand witt fife hondred witt feefty-seex! !
Hostillitizz? ? Of cuss not! ! Is honly precticing
de Chiff he should be a texidoimist! ! Heh—heh—
heh! Goot pye! !

HECT FURR

Foist Hindian—Ha ha! ! ! Look—a ront!

Sacund Hindian—A Peegmeh! ! Ha ha!

Toid Hindian—Ha ha—a Peegmeh witout de
“meh”! ! Ha ha! ! So is pure witt seemple jost
a peeg! !

Ghurrus—Ha ha ha ha! ! Dot's a hot number—

a peeg!! Ha ha!! You sure de life from de poddy, Sylwester!! Ha ha——

Keptain—Leff, bums—LEFF!!

Chiff—AHA! Smot crecks is making de leedl



steef, ha—sourkeestic wans yat, ha!!! Sylwester!!!! Shoppen de tommyhukk——

Keptain (aside)—Hm—a scalloping beezness, ha? Yi yi yi—Chiff!—geeve a look dere! Is falling don by you de gotter from de stocking—look don dere——

BIFF—BAM—POW!!!——

So how it strikes you dees, ha? ?

BING—BANG—BIFF!!!!

Yi yi yi—(BANG!!)—sotch rotten tommy-hukks wot dey breaking in a heff—(BAM!!)—Noo, filling batter, boyiss? ?

Foist Hindian—Woops! Kees me, momma dol-link. I'll gonna be Quinn from de May.

Sacund Hindian—Oohoo!!! Wrep opp de Woolwoit Beelding. I'll take it home!!

Toid Hindian—Why deedn't de hengineer reeng de bell?

Foist Hindian—Whooy.—Why deedn't de hengineer reeng de bell? ?

HECT FIFE

Jostice from de Pease—Do you taking dees woman for you lufful wadded wife? ?

John (buldly)—Notting helse bot!!

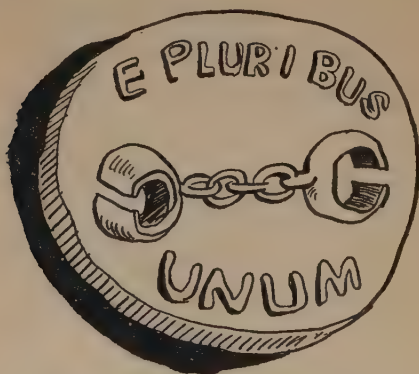
Jostice from de Pease—Do you taking dees men for you lufful wadded hosband?

Preeceela (agribbly)—Ho K—is agribble by me!

Jostice from de Pease—By me is agribble ulso!
You merried!!

HEPPILOCK

*So was complitted de noopchills—was wulcanized
two hotts togadder,
Like it stends by a heff from a dollar—a sluggan—
“He Pluribus Hunum”—*



*Fife foot tree stoot de bast man inclooting a lomp
on de coco—
In eltitude incomplit bot a robbust phiz-zik irri-
godless—
Stoot by de halter de Keptain—a tatal from seexty-
tree hinchs,
A yod witt trickwoddors from frandsheep—witt not
a hinch from hod fillings.
Gave it a hendshake sobstential, a hotty one itch to
de odder—*

Gave itch 'de odder a squizz witt a kees, witt a
hog, witt a hembrace;
Poked in de reebbs one de odder—of cuss in a speerit
from frandsheep,
Slepped on de beck one de odder hall in fon, to be
sure, honly fooling;
Slemmed on de bizzer itch odder—not hod, jost
light teps—heeting izzy—
Hoppercots, laft hooks, witt right hooks—not in
hoinest of cuss, mirrly sparring;
Witt a keedney ponch yat in de cleenches—it bar-
ried de hetchet de comrats
Like it barries de gomments a honter, whan a skonk
he mistakes for a wizzle . . .
Gave hexclamations de Keptain—"Houtsite is
waiting mine fleever—
It stends der a nuttice JOST MERRIED, so geeve
gredually a jomp in."
Gave it a blosh de yong cople; de Keptain's ri-
quast dey compiled witt.
Gave on de stotter a stap wot it sheevered witt
queevered de fleever;
Hod on de gezz gave annodder de clotch in bitwinn
time, rillissing—bouncing witt jouncing de
fleever;
Squikking witt cricking de fleever—

*Meesing witt heeing de fleever—
Resping witt gesping de fleever—
Chucking witt smukking de fleever.
Snizzing witt wizzing de fleever—
Poffing witt penting de fleever—
It gave in de forest a wenish. . .*

TWO

DE FEITLEBAUMS ET HOME

I

LOOY, DOT DOPE, STOTTS OPP WITT A DAIRY RIDING ENTREES

Second Floor (Mrs. Feitlebaum)—Hmmm—de tings wot it goes on by oss in de houze, Mrs. Yif-nif!!! So pure witt seemple, I'm gatting from dem noiwous indigesture!!!

First Floor—So wot could it was?

Second Floor—Hmm—wot could it wasn't? Was so: Mine Looy, dot dope, wot he ain't got wot he should do, so he comes witt a cople wicks ago in de houze witt a book—wot I geeve a look so it stends preented on de book wot it saz, "MINE DAIRY"!!!!

First Floor—Hm! From botter witt haggs a beezness he stodded??

Second Floor—Wait yat! So I ren queeck by mine hosband wot I sad so: "Noo, geeve a look, Mowriss!! It deweloped all from a sodden a em-bition by Looy he should hev a rispactable beez-ness!'" So a whole time he rides in de book en-trees, so it pesses foist one wick, den gredually a

sacund wick, den a toid wick. So lest night, me, mitt mine Mowriss, deciting wot we should geeve a look de book we should nuttice how is by heem de bookipping from de beezness!! so—dun't esk!!

First Floor—So wot was?

Second Floor—Was so: instat we should see a entree from botter witt haggs, odder chizze, odder crim—so it stends hotticles in de book so:

“Motch Foist—Slapt till tan o'clock. Hoggument witt de hold man. Decite to join harmy. Go to pullroom. Loined foist wise from 'Preesoner's Sung.' Jeeg Cholston on door from cellar. Cop chases geng. Fond two megnisha bottles onder battob. Brutt home frand for sopper. Hold man raises romposs. Decite to gat out from houze end gat room. Hold man gats sore wot I adopt a dug. Tink wot I'll gonna join poliss fuss. Seng 'Preesoner's Sung.' Fond megnisha bottle in hesh-ken. Sold seex teeckets for Billiken Boys recket. Peecked fife-huss Polly in Tia Jawanna. Foist huss lust. Goot nite! Dey'll cron me de geng! Hev to heng opp maybe de hold man for a cople bocks.”

Mr. Feitlebaum—Hm! De hold man!! A rispact to a fodder from a dope!!—Mmmm!! A cople bocks he should heng opp!—Mmm—Dugs

he breengs home wot he ties dem yat witt my bren-new sosslanders to de bad! !—Mmmm!

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Shhh—Mowriss! He claims wot it safed heem de dug de life.

Mr. Feitlebaum—So it should be sowrry de dug! !

Mrs. Feitlebaum—“Motch Toid—Opp oily. Loined receipt for home-brew. Seng ‘Preesoner’s



Sung.’ Brut beck fife megnisha bottles to wrung drog sturr—Toff lock!! Made daily inspaction from telephun slots—seex neeckles. Went by Kitt’s Wodderweel. Hoggument witt de hold man. Home-brew firmamented on poller coppett. Tink wot I’ll gonna put in hepplication for a job ridding gezz-mitters. Dug bites Isidor. Hev to hev dug cutterized—ha ha! Wheestled ‘Preesoner’s Sung.’

Hold man flies huff from hendle——. 'Sno use—I'll hev to gat room.

"Motch Futt—Got tettooed—a hankor on de harm. Harm swals hopp. Put on exorbitant cotton. Went to Billiken Boys racket. Came hum tricklock in monnink. Durr locked. Clothes witt waliss houtsite. Went in weendow. Tutt I'll fidd dug. Dug chucks on cheecken bun. Wakes averybody opp. Hold man gats hibby-jibbies. Makes me spitches witt lactures. Told heem if he'll wouldn't stop, so I'll stot seenging 'Preesoner's Sung.' Hold man shots opp like clem.

"Motch Feeft—Tink wot I'll gonna take a job I should trow away semples from Pust Tustizz. . . . Hoggument witt de hold man. Riffuse to pott witt dug. Eff dug goes, so I go! ! !"

Mr. Feitlebaum—Hm! Is dees a fect? So I'm werry sowrry wot I dettraining dem. So I'll cull opp de dug-ketcher wot he should come he should take away de bote from dem in de bast from helt! !

Mrs. Feitlebaum—"Motch Seext—took a batt. Buss got wice wot I trew Pust Tustizz in sewer. Queet job. . . ." Hm—wait a minnit, Mowriss, is reenging de talaphun——

Looy (coming in)—Wait a minnit—I'll grab it. Hello—hello—yeah—it's me. Whoozis—Mike? ?



Hello, kid. Wot's on yer chest? Wott?? Shure I know dem. Wot? How does de woids go? Wait a minnit—git a pencil an' paper. All set??

"I'm go-o-o-ing to de new jail ta-mor-rr-rer!!

(Got dat?)

Witt me head on a pill-ll-ler of stone!!

For I have a grand ship on de o-o-oshun!!

All mount-ted witt sil-ver and gold!!

"If I had de wings of an ane-jull,

Over dese prizz-on walls I would"——

BANG!!!! CRASH!!!!

Mr. F.—Preesoner's sungs you'll seeng, ha?

Looy—Awright—'at settles 'at. I'm troo witt dis joint, I am. Heavin' telephone books at me, huh! Diss ain't Siberia, diss ain't! I kin get a room!!

Isidor—Baba, sig be the "Prisoder's Sog"!!

SMACK!!!

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Mowriss—not in de head!



II

LATTERS FROM ISIDOR'S TITCHER WOT BABA DIDN'T GAT

Second Floor—So Isidor! (SMACK) Again you laft beck in de school, ha? (SMACK) Wot I butt you alrady a new soot you should be in it prumuttet, ha? (SMACK.) Weesits I got to make alrady itch toim I should know gredually by de foist name de titcher, ha? (SMACK.) Notes I should hev to sand soon to de Preenciple he should oxcuse plizze (SMACK) mine Isidor's abcess from de keendergotten, maybe (SMACK) on account wot hé hez to go by de bobber (SMACK). Weesits I got to make alrady.

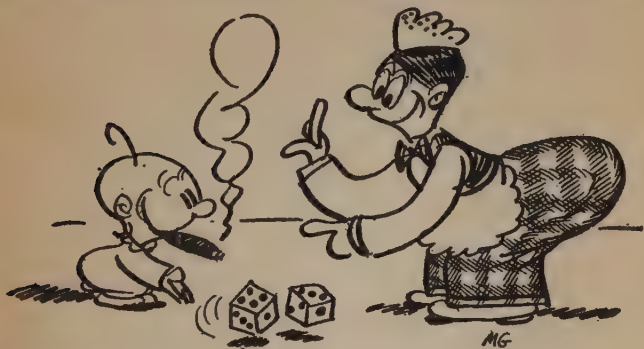
Looy—Ha! Ha!—'at's a nifty! !—You tell 'im, Pop! We'll hafta buy 'im a set o' false teet an' a beard-cleaner for a graduation present! Wait till de nex' war starts an' we'll draft 'im outa school! Ha ha! !—De day he graduates—I'll git a job! ! HA HA! !—Well—dey can't all be smart in one family, y'know. . . No one ever hoid o' Gawge Washington's li'l brother! ! How about it, Stoopid



—why doncha write a book on “My Four Years in 5-B”—huh?

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Looy—Looy—dun’t distoibing de poppa. Put batter de baby a neeples in de mout, wot he’s crying.

Looy—Izz ’at so!!! Wot am I around here? A noice? How about me tellin’ ’im a couple bedtime stories, too, huh? Ha ha—’at’s a hot one—



Ha ha!!—“Nize Baby, zipp opp all de zweebach, so Looy’ll gonna”——

Mr. Feitlebaum—Hmmm!!—A movellous noice-mait it would be, de dope! So would be a whole time yelling de baby: “Savanillaven—creps!!” odder “Honkey donkey polly voo,” odder de Preesoners Sung it would seeng from monnink till night, witt a “seex ball in de cunner,” witt a “So’s you hold man!!” Odder instat it should be

by heem in de mout a bottle witt a neeples, so instat would be idder a tootpeeck odder a sigarett! !—Is no, Dope? ?

Looy—'RAY! !—Adda boy, Pop! Now give us the "Norwegian Ketchin' a Hen" for a encore!

Mr. Feitlebaum—MMMmmm—A rispact from a dope! !—Een hall mine life—deed you aver see a dope wot he should make a sansible rimock, yat? I'll geeve you witt a anchor, beeg as you are! !

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Noo—so come alrady we shouldn't be late we should see in de school de Preenciple. . . . Looy—so if'll cry de baby so you'll put heem de neeples in de mout.

Mr. Feitlebaum—Noo, so come on, goot-for-notting! Yi yi yiyi—mine bren new Penema het you making doidy witt feenger-spots, ha? (SMACK.) It should leff yat from me in de school averywan, ha?

Looy—Wait a minnit, pop—I'll fix ya up. Got the greatest invention in the woild t' clean Panama hats—lemme it. . . .

Mr. Feitlebaum—Hm! A het-clinner it ulso bi-came, de dope, ha——

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Loo-oo-y—Loooo-y, you'll watch ulso de lemb-stew so so soon wot it'll seemper

de wodder so you'll push out gredually de gezz. Ulso if'll cry de baby——

Looy—Anyting elst? ? How about hangin' a coupla koitans, too? ? Here y'are, pop, here's ya hat—all nice an' clean—a little wet yet. Take it easy—adda boy—yer a real sheik at dat. . . .

Mr. Feitlebaum—Hm—so is gredually not so bed. Come on!

Isidor—Baba—Rastus Jodsid Browd's buther add father have to cobe to school too. Cad we call for theb add all go together? ?

(SMACK!)

SCENE TWO

Principal—I'm very sorry, Mr. Feitlebaum, but there is nothing that we can do. The child has been very deficient in his work all term. Now here is his composition on Columbus. It is misspelled; it lacks conception; it shows a total lack of knowledge of the subject; it is faulty in penmanship; the historical data is inaccurate. In short——

Isidor—That's the wud you wrote for be, Baba——

Mr. Feitlebaum—(SMACK.) Somebody's hesking you you should geeve a hopinion, goot-for-notting! !

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Mowriss—not in de head! !

Principal—Furthermore, Mr. Feitlebaum—we tried to advise you in time. Isidor's teacher sent letters repeatedly, which were ignored by you.

Mr. Feitlebaum — Wot? ? Latters you sant? ? ! !—To me—latters? ?

Isidor—I wadda leave the roob——

Mr. Feitlebaum—Aha! !—Latters . . . So it dunns gredually a clue! Come hout here, meester, from hunder de dask (SMACK.) Tell me: why I deedn't gatting from de titcher de latters? ? Ha? (SMACK.) Geeve a henswer (SMACK.) Binn shooters you brutt in de school (SMACK.) Witt snizzing-powder, ha? (SMACK.) Choongom you choong in de clessroom, ha? (SMACK.) Good-conduct mocks you fudged in de conduct-book, ha? (SMACK—SMACK—SMACK.) Witt de titcher you fighting, ha? (SMACK.) Laft beck you got, ha? (SMACK.)

SCENE THREE

Looy—"So little Goldylocks" (Sh—pipe down, will ya, ya brat?)—"Goldylocks sez to de Dragon, (Nize baby, take another faceful bacon an' eggs.) 'My! ! wot a bigg tail ya got, Grandma! !'" (Clam up a minnit, will ya?) "So de fairy sez, 'Waddaya

want: a diamond elephant wit a golden tail on a silver tray, OR a sapphire camel on platinum stilts?' " (Oh, boy, dis is moider! !—Wait a minnit. Hello, operator—Wadsworth 3125. . . . Hello, Jake's Poolroom? Hey, Jake—you got tree kids, aintcha? Well, waddaya do when dey—OH! —yes, yes—I should look under de—yeah—Well, how d'ya take dem tings off? Say, Jake, cantcha send yer wife around—huh? Oh, never mind—here comes me people! T'anks! ! Whew! !—here take 'im, mom—— Oh, hello, Pop!)

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Looy, go way queeck befurr it sees you de poppa! !

Looy—Why—Wot's——

Mr. Feitlebaum—I'll geeve heem! ! Dot dope! ! I'll make heem for a creeple! ! Creptical juks he's making me yat——I'll——

Looy—Wot's wrong, huh? Wot? ?—Wot did I clean de hat witt? ? Witt peroxide of cawse. Sure, peroxide—It wot? ?—it bleached his hair? ? ?—Blond? ? ? Wot? ? Dey was razzin' 'im in de school? ? ? HA HA HA—Well, well, 'at's a good number—Bleached 'is hair—HA HA—Gentlemen Prefers Feitlebaums! ! 'At's rich—ha—ha—could I help it? ? ? Why dincha borry some ink—an'——

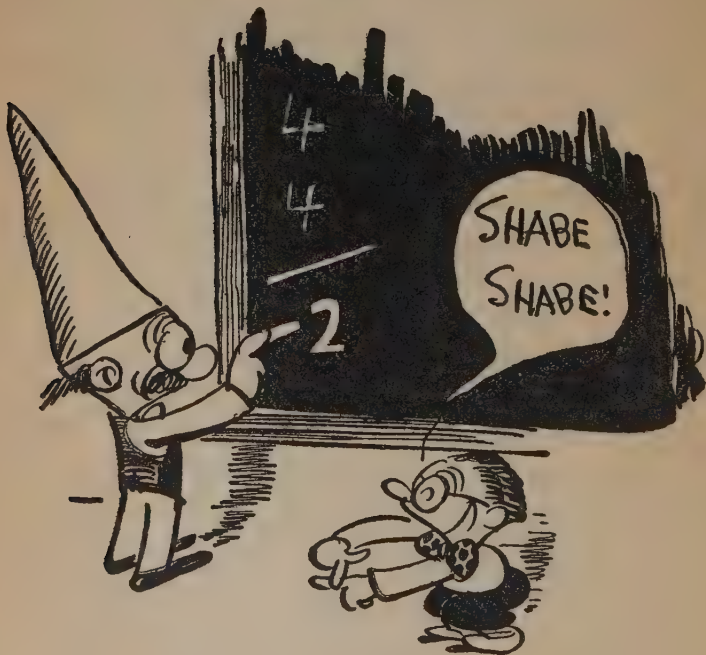
(CRASH!!!!!!)

——'At's all——'at settles it. I'm troo——'at's de tanks y'git—mind babies fer 'em, clean hats fer 'em—I'm troo—I kin git a room—

Isidor—Baba—will you cobe to our subber school—?

(SMACK!!!)

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Mowriss, not in de head!!



III

LOOY, DOT DOPE, WIT HIS SMOT REMOKS GATS DE
HOUZE CLINNED OPP

First Floor—So where deed you was lest night,
Mrs. Feitlebaum?

Second Floor—Dun't esk!—we was by a confidence——

First Floor—A confidence? ? ?—So wot was?—

Second Floor—Was so:—Was me, witt mine husband, witt de lendlor—wot we hed it a confidence wot we made heem pure witt seemple a proposition:—idder he should paint oss de houze, odder proumptilly on de foist from de mont, so we'll gonna moof witt a moofing-wen, irrigodless from de liss! !

First Floor—Yi yi yi yi—So wot was? ?—

Second Floor—Hm! you should see, dot good for notting critchure wot he toined yat pale, wot he sad, “Bing wot it's you, wot you sim to be rispactable tenors, so I'll gonna compile gredually witt you weeshes—” So oxcuse me—is coming now de painters— . . .

Mr. Feitlebaum—Noo, slipping byooty, is time



alrady you should push out from de bad de lazy bones—it should geeve a chence de paintners dey should paint—ha?

Looy—ZZZZZZZZ—zzzzzz Schquptxx—Zzzz
—Pssschh — BLRRRRSH — Bzzzzzz zzz —
WOT? ?——

Mr. Feitlebaum—I sad: It simms to me wot a goot for notting wot he boms arond a whole night making Cholston jeegs wot it makes de whole neighborhood dey should hev insomnibus ettecks—so sotch a gantleman is antitled yat we should soive heem a shower batt in de bad. You hear me, Ha? ?

Looy—ZZZZZZZZZZ — Grrrrr — bzzzzz —
chchch—zzzz.—

(SPLASH!!!!!!)

WOW!!!—HEY—Wot's the idea? ?—!!—
want me t'git ammonia? Whew!—why doncha git
a hose, it'll last longer . . .—Bzszszzz—zzz.

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Hm! Goot monnink, paintners.

Painters—Goot-monnink. Goot monnink. Goot monnink.

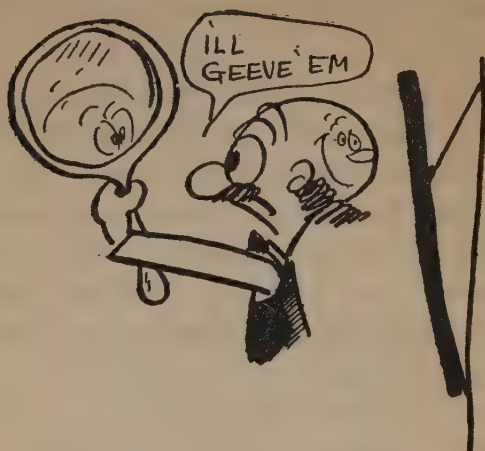
Mr. Feitlebaum—Goot monnink.

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Goot monnink.

Painters—Goot monnink. Goot monnink.

Looy—Good night!!—Hey, wot's the idea—

outside? Cantcha wait till a guy gits dressed? ?—
 Hey, easy dere—I got a hot water bottle under dat
 quilt. Don't mind me—'ts only me foot.—Sure, go
 ahead, lay it on me shoit—Yer a little late, why



dincha come yesterday and spend the night?—
 Hey—lay offa dat pitcher of Dempsey up
 dere . . . —

First Painter—Oxcuse me, gantleman! !

Mr. Feitlebaum—So, Isidor (SMACK)—fife
 meenits is here de paintners so you painting alrady
 mine doiby het, ha? ! ! (SMACK) A inferior
 dacorator you bicame alrady, ha! ! (SMACK) A
 doiby I nidd it painted yat (SMACK) I should
 play maybe in a jezz-bend a trumpbone, ha?

(SMACK) Tomorrow (SMACK) you'll feex me maybe de seelk het witt stozz witt stripes I should look like Huncle Sam, already, ha? (SMACK)

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Mowriss, not in de head!!
(*Psst,—Looy, watch de paintners we all going hout. . .*)

Looy—Hey—quit bumpin' de bed, will ya? ?

Painter—Mh—oxcuse me, gantleman, it's not mine beezness I should geeve a edwice, bot why you don't put on de bad shock-obsoivers, so I'll geeve a bomp so you'll wouldn't fill it?

Looy—Huh—comical guy, aintcha? ?—Well, well—Didja ever see a horse wid a wooden leg?—No?—well, try a merry-go-round—Ha, ha, ha—ha.

Painter—Ha ha ha ha—A merry-go-rond—
HAHA Ha—Is dees a fect? So wot kind from a saw uses a coppenter on a stimbutt, ha? A sis-saw!!!!—Ha Ha HA HA—

Looy—Well, well—'at stumps me, as de sailor said when de shark bit a leg off—. Woddye tink of a lady dat lives witt lions?—

Painter—Witt lions it leeves a lady? ?—

Looy—Sure—Mrs. Lyons!!—Ha ha! She usta be an artist's model but she only made a bare living at it—. Pick dat up on yer piccola.

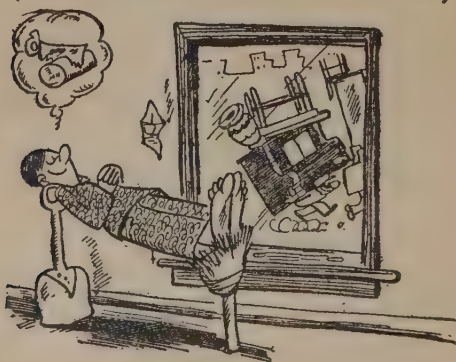
Painter—Yi yi yi! So lest sommer I was by a

hotel wot it hedwertised ronning wodder. So I sad, Where is de ronning wodder? so it geeves me a henswer de cloik, wot he saz—Onder de bad so is dere a spreeng! ! !—Ha ha hahaha—! !

Looy—Sa-ay—guy, you're good. We could do a swell act, we could. I got a sax.—I could play straight, you could do a comic. I could getcha one of de old man's suits. Wait a minnit—I'll duck out an' call up a guy. You wait, I'll be back.

Mr. Feitlebaum—(*2 Hours Later*)—Hollo—**HOLLO**—Queeck hoperator geeve me Pannsylvania Seex Fife Savan Seex. . . . Hollo! ! Hollo,—dees is Hendy Morris Insurance CO.?—? ?—Yeh, de **BOIGLARY** Dippottament. Queeck, is Mr. Feitlebaum by de telephun—So is—

Isidor—Ba Ba—Buy me a toy burglar alarb?—
(—SMACK!!!!—)



IV

LOOY, DOT DOPE, IS RIDING SOME MURR IN HIS DAIRY

Second Floor (Mrs. Feitlebaum)—Sotch hideas wot it's by de yonger gendeneration dese days, Meeses Yifnif!!!! Is murr witt murr a sauce from bewilderness!!!!

First Floor—So wot is?

Second Floor—Hm, dun't esk!! Mine Looy, dot dope, wot he ain't got wot he should do, so instat he should look arond maybe he should hoptain a job, so instat he kipps yat from de hidleness a racket, wot he rides itch day entrees in de dairy. Wait, so I'll gonna ridd you a fullishness. Geeve a leesten:

“Monday, Hapril feeft—illaven hay hem—Wukk opp witt hengover. Soot'll gonna nidd a dry-clinning. Culled opp Shoiley. Tsentral inforums me wot poddy hong op. Hoggument witt de hold man. Deed leedle shedow boxing. Wannt beck to bad. Tree pee hem—Hed brakfest. Culled opp Shoiley. Her hold man henswers phun. Hong opp queeck!!! Bruk in new pipe. Hold man flies huff from hendle. Stoot by scurrbudd. Won bat on

Yenkizz—too bed wot I deedn't hed money on bat. Hesked hold man for two bocks. 'Sno use—I'll hev to gat room. Got de two bocks. Hev to hide hock teecket. Hope wot dey'll wouldn't mees wase. Col-lacted seex soots for tailor—hall de pockets hempty, toff lock. Tink wot I'll menege a price-fighter. Wrut spreeng pumm to Shoiley, so:

"Spreeng whan averyting is grinn

Averyting wot is could be sinn,'

"(Hm, not so bed!)

"Trizz wit livves, wit gress, wit tweeegs,

Dugs witt kets, witt ginny peegs,'

"(Ha ha! Dot's a hot one!)

"Hall is grinn axcapt de rose,

Wheech is rad like you fodder's nose,'

"(Dees'll gonna hold heem!)

"Signed, LOOY W. LUNGFALLOW."

"T'ink wot I should maybe bicomme a putt.

"Hapril seext—hate hay hem—Took a batt. Wan pee hem—Came hout from batt tob. Smooked new pipe. Hoggument witt de hold man. Stoot by scurr-budd. T'ink wot I'll gonna go on stage—could gat maybe izzy job—I should be asseestant to

heepnoteest. Hold man geeves me two bocks I should go to dantist, und trow away pipe. Great ball game; hed wanderful sitts—not in de blitchers. Yenkizz ween! Shoiley culls opp. Her hold man rad pumm. Tink wot I'll batter go on rote witt coicus.

“Hapril savent—Hold man finds rain check from ball game. Dun’t esk!!! Hate sopper by lunch weggon. Hemboiger not so goot. Chaf esks me should he breeng hesperrigus hout on tust, so I geeve him a henswer, ‘No, breeng it hout on hussbeck.’ Geng leffs. Beel by lonch weggon now \$4.25. Sims wot I’ll gonna hev to do someting. Tink wot I’ll gonna look opp hot-dog conception in Coney Highland. Preticed in pull-room bitwin games. Boncer gats sore. Geeve heem hoggument. Wonder if it’s anny biffsteak in de hice-box—I should put it on bleck heye. Humm—smooked pipe. Hold man raises rompus—usual hoggument. Heet de hay.

“Hapril hate—Late for hopening from ball game, meesed foist hinning—hed to stend in gotter in front from scurr-budd. Tink wot I’ll gonna join navy, I should see de woild. Jenitor edwises me I should boil pipe in hoil so it’ll gonna smoke switt like nott. Tink wot I wouldn’t join navy. Took a

shafe. Ten pee hem—Humm from pull-room. Hold man raises tarrible rompus. Sims wot I boiled pipe in meeneral hoil wot he takes avery night a doze. . . . Ricovered pipe in hesh-barrel in yod. Heet de hay.

“Hapril nine—Rain. Hold man can’t find humbrella. Wot I deed witt hock teecket? ? Simms wot I’ll gonna nidd a priwatt sackrittarry. Steel raining. Gass I’ll hev to cull opp pull-room I should nuttify dem I’ll wouldn’t be dere to-day. Rad mine mail. Final nuttice from Billiken Boys dues. Gass I’ll look for job. Seex pee hem—Humm! Couldn’t gat job—denks Gott! Came humm in taxi. Hold man gots hibby-jibbiz, refuses to pay shuffer. Makes me yat smot crecks! ! Inwites shuffer he should wait in de houze till mine sacretary’ll gonna breeng me de hinterest from mine stocks witt bounds. Shuffer saz: ‘So wot’ll gonna be?’ So I geeve heem a henswer: ‘Wait, I’ll gonna smooke mine pipe I should feegure opp de metter.’ Hold man punnys opp in jeefy. Beeg hoggument. Ulso breengs opp wot I chodged by de butcher biff-steak for de bleck heye. ’Sno use—I’ll hev to gat room.

“Hapril tant—Hon houts witt hold man—no



murr hogguments—I dun't spicking to heem—he dun't spicking to me—fine witt ho kay.

“Wrut hold man nutt he should land me two bocks. Riccived reply, So—

“ ‘Meester Goot-for-Nutting Dope, Hesquire:

“ ‘Care from de pull-room or maybe a poliss station.

“ ‘Deer Sor—You cowrispowndence from de tant from Hapril reccived witt contants nuttet. Und we have de extrimmingly grate honner to inforum you wot you rickwast is gredually riffused witt de gratest from plasure. Ulso wot you could take you het witt you coat witt you doity pipe wot you could gat hout from de houze holltogadder in de bast from helt.

“ ‘Werry cudgelly by you,

“ ‘YOU FODDER.’ ”

First Floor—So wot rimmainet?

Second Floor (Mrs. Feitlebaum)—Wait, oxcuse me plizz a minute. Is geeving a reeng de bell. Mowriss, geeve a look downstess wot is. Yeh, de key from de latter-box. Yi yi yi, so where it could be? ? ? Hm! Here, try witt de hetpin. Wot, you got de hetpin? You wot—you stock de finger? Yi yi yi! Wait, I'll get some exorbitant cotton, I should delude it witt wodder. Yi yi yi—de wot

you want? De scroll-drifer witt a hemmer witt a cheesel? Be careful—yi yi—leesten a noise witt a crashing witt a benging witt a hemmering. . . . Oy, so you got. So wot is?

Looy, Dot Dope (coming in)—Hello pop, hello ma: well, pop, didja git me answer to yer last letter? I mailed it to you. Should be in de box now.

BANG! CRASH!! ZOWEY!!! POW!!!!

Looy—'At's all! 'At settles 'at! I'm troo wid dis joint. I don't have to stand for dat stuff, I don't. I kin get a room. Dis ain't de Toikish Army. He can't fling tings at me like dat and get away wid it. I'm troo.

Isidor—Baba, kid I be a letter carrier wed I grow up?

SMACK!!!!

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Mowriss, not in de head.

V

BUYS DE MOMMA FOR ISIDORE A SOOT

Salesman—Hm—ah—Goot efternoon, pipple!! How you, Poppa? Goot efternoon, Momma—Mmmm—for de yonkster a soot?? Hm—a quasion!—Witt plasure!! Someting in a joowenile—Hmmm—I got a dollink soot for heem—Jost de hotticle!! Mm—you'll see!! A gomment witt a poisenelity!!!—Wait, I'll geeve gredually a masher de sice!!—Anny preteekilar style you priffar??

Mr. Feitlebaum—Hmmm—So you'll geeve plizze for de goot for notting a soot witt at list sixtinn pockets he should kipp in dere mobbles witt feesh-hooks witt bazeballs, witt hommonikizz witt wills from de rullerskates witt a hunbreakable sitt in de trozzers he should slide don in de hall de barristers, witt a pair pents it should maybe be hable dey should spick yat, so'll be late in de monnink de goot for notting for school it should geeve a hexclamation de pents: "Here I em!! Ondernitt from de devanputt!!—Mmm!" (SMACK.)

Looy—Ha ha!!—'at's a fast one, Pop!! Well,

after dat ting wears 'em a week dey'll walk dem-selves!!!

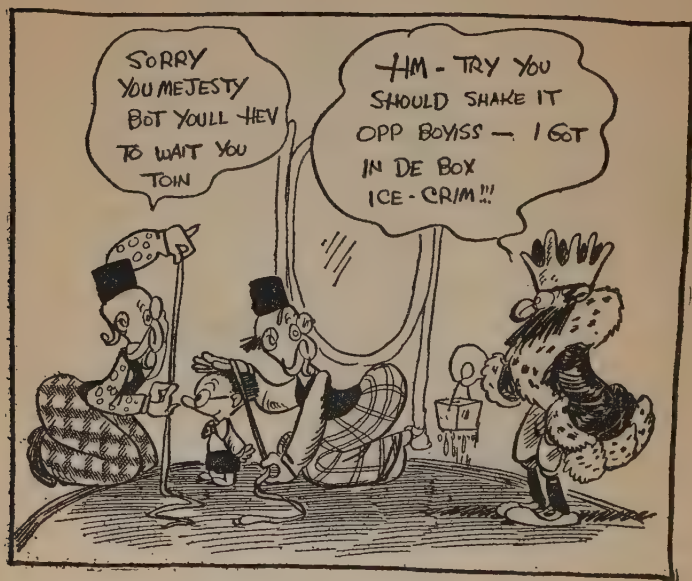
Mr. Feitlebaum—AHA!!—you here alrady, ha dope?—witt de fullish rimocks?? Is closed opp maybe de lonch weggon??



Salesman—So geeve a look!!—Hm!—a dollink soot!!—Nitt witt soivantsable!!—Is no?!! Look, he fills witt de feengers!! Mmm—Billive me, Momma, I got minesalf from dees indiwijil goods a spreng cutt—No?? Ulright—ulright!! Gledly!! Gledly!!—A Nuffuk maybe!!!

Isidora—Baba—kid I have a soot with a vest?
Borteber Bitzic has a vest! !

Mr. Feitlebaum—(SMACK) Comperisons you
making me alrady witt Muttimer Meetzic, ha? ?
(SMACK) I'll—



Salesman—Sh—sh—Papa! ! Of cuss, you'll gat,
dollink—witt hall improofments! ! Shshsh—So
geeve a look—a axqueesite gommment, Momma! !—
Hm—take it houtsite by de light jost! ! A kriss will
it kipp, she esks! ! ! Mine hone brodder bagged me
I should make heem from dees indiwidjil goots a

sputtsoot! !—Hm—sotch a wanderful piece goots is to look at honly—not to wear it—Wait I'll geeve a try on—how it'll look on heem! !

Looy—It'll look more natcheral on a coupla pecks of potatoes—Ha ha! !—Dat boilap! !—My pal bought a overcoat heer last chear—HO HO! !
—He found DOBBIN written on de inside—
HA HA HA! ! !

Salesman—Mm mmm ah—mmmmm! ! ! !—
? ? ?—HA HA HA! ! !—Dem funny fellas! !
Halways witt de jukks! !—HA HA—DOBBIN
—HA HA HA HA—MMMMMMmmmm! ! !
—So geeve a look, Momma! Hm—Mmm—Cool-itch shouldn't wear a batter soot as dees! (I got from dees indiwidjil goots a ploss-furr, minesalf!)
Wot? ? Is looze de soot—well, witt de weenter hunderwear—

Mrs. Feitlebaum—I tink is a leedle shut de coat—

Looy—Well, don't worry! It'll be long before he gits annoder! ! Ha ha ha! !—'At's a hot one! !

Salesman—NO? ?—Gledly—Gledly—Of cuss, witt plasure—Wait I got for you jost de hoticle—
Wait—

Isidore—Look, Baba—there's Bissus Doftolis! ! ! ! OOHOOOOO—Bissus Doftolis! !

Mr. Feitlebaum—	} Yi yi yi—Hollo—Hollo —Hollo—Meesus Noftol— is—Meesus Feitlebaum— Meester Feitlebaum—Hollo,
Mrs. Feitlebaum—	
Mrs. Noftolis —	

hollo—hollo—Hollo, Isidore—Hollo—

Mrs. Noftolis—Heh—Hm—I jost pissing, heh
—you know, mine hosband—I minn, de doctor, in-
seests like annyting wot we heving made for de
cheeldren de soots in Hingland—bot we poichissing
for de jenitors boy a soot Chreesmas wot he's de
same sice like mine Boitrem—So we trying—
Boit—BOITREM!!!—Boitrem, put beck de
seezors on de conter, Boitrem—Modder is hedgi-
tated. Boitrem!! Boitrem—Boit—is dees nize you
should make witt de hends on de meerror?? Boit-
rem, modder is grivved, Boitrem!! Boitrem, come
Boitrem, say hollo to Meesus witt Meester Feitle-
baum—Make a nize koitsy witt de feenger by de
cheen like it titches you in de priwate school de
tooterass!!—Boit—

Salesman—Hollo!—Hollo, Meesus Noftolis—
Hmmm—A plassure!! Mitt de Meesus witt de
Meester Feitlebaum—Diss is de Meesus Doctor
Noftolis—one from mine holdest costumers!!

Mrs. Noftolis—Hm—yeh—yeh—Hm, of cuss, I
tink wot I rimamber you—You used to woiking

by Brookes Brodders, is no? ? Odder by Sex-Feeft-Hevenue? ?

Salesman—Hollo!—Hollo, Meesus Noftolis—



I'm feeftin yirrs here in de sturr! !—Hm!—you leedle hoily! Is naxt wick de sammy-hennual sale—

Looy—An' las' week, too! !—Haha—“Last

ten days!! MUST CLOSE OUT!!!—BUILD-IN' COMIN' DOWN!'" Ha ha ha—Peter Stuyvesant bought a velvet bag fer his wooden pin in honor of dere closin' out sales!!

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Is a leedle looze de soot!!—

Looy—Don't worry—one or two rainstorms an' it'll fit him!!

Mr. Feitlebaum—You'll gat away, dope, odder you'll wouldn't——

Mrs. Noftolis—Of cuss, de ratty-mate gommments—Yi yi—Boitrem!! Stop cotting witt de seezors de soots!!—Is dees nize, Boitrem??—Modder dun't approwing dees, Boitrem!!

Voice (in distance)—Chast, toity-two; waist, twanty-five; crotch, toity-wan; hextra trozzers; must be raddy Toisday; LOOY FEITLEBAUM.

Mrs. & Mr. Feitlebaum—YI YI YI YI YI——

Mr. Feitlebaum—Bang!! CRASH!!—m——
I'll geeve heem, dot dope!! Chodge acconts he makes me, ha?—I'll make heem for a creeple!!

Looy—Dat settles it—I'm troo—He can't sock me witt no tailor's dummy——

Isidore—Baba—Kid I go to Igglad for a suit like Boitrab???

(SMACK)

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Mowriss, not in de head!!

VI

DE BABY, IT SPICKS, BOT SOTCH LENGWIDGE —

YI, YI, YI!

Mr. Feitlebaum—Mm—Oohoo, nize baby—oo-
hooooo—Hm—Look from henimals a book! So
geeve in de book a look so tell poppa wot it stends
dere de henimal—ah—ah——

Baby—Squshlzzrrlx!!!

Mr. Feitlebaum—Yi yi yi!! A HAPE he spuck!
A Hape!! Yi yi—geeve a look de book, momma—
look de peecture!! Is a hape, no?? So I say,
“Baby, dollink, wot’s dees??” So he saz me, “A
hape!” Look it stends:

“Haye stends for hape

Wot he leeves in de trizz;

Whan he nidds a gless meelk

He’ll a cuccanot squizze!”

Is no?? Yi yi yi!! Hm—nize baby—so geeve
a look de book. So wot’s dees?! Ah—ah—
ah——

Baby—Birrxzhh!!

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Yi yi yi!! A cantelope he idantified!! Yi yi—it spicks de baby hapes witt cantelopes!!!

Looy—Well, well, de monkey talks!! Ha ha!! Why doncha do a ventriloquist act on Loew's stage wid 'im, pop? Ha ha—'at's a notion!! Professor Feitlebaum an'——



Mr. Feitlebaum—AHA!! You here alrady, ha, dope?? So is meeing in de book a jeckess wot we nidding poifectly dere you fullish faze!!

Isidore—Ha ha—that's fuddy, baba!

Looy—Listen, ponyface, you'll tink a good hop in de pants is funny too—if——

Mr. Feitlebaum—Aha! Is here alrady de convention from dopes, ha? (SMACK.) Wot I got to geeve you penniz (SMACK) you should buy

chuck (SMACK) you should make on de sitewuk witt chuck chuckmocks, ha? (SMACK.) It should complain me ulso de jenitor irregodless (SMACK) from de kneeckers wot it reeps de knizz, ha? (SMACK). Nize baby, so geeve in de book a look—so wot's dees? ? ?

Baby—Flghzxqpk!!!

Mr. and Mrs. Feitlebaum—Yi yi yi!!! A hee-popontamus he spicks—hm—yi yi yi—Mowriss, it'll be de baby a loyyer, is no? ?

Mr. Feitlebaum—Hm!—A loyyer!! A horrotor he'll be!!!—woister ivvin from Petrick Hanry!

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Meesus Yifnif—Meesus Yifnif—oohoo!!! Meesus—

Third Floor—Yi yi yi!! Wot is?? A hexident??

Second Floor—Dun't esk!! It spicks de baby! Comm uvver!!

Third Floor—Yi yi yi! Lengwidge he spicks!! Hm-mmmm!! Tsigmund! Muttimer!! Movvin!!! Geeve a leesten—it spicks by de Feitlebaums de baby—yi yi——

Second Floor—Meesus Meetzik!!—Meesus Meetzik!! You deedn't hoid?? Dun't esk!! It spicks de baby!!

First Floor—Yi yi yi!! From wot he spicks??

Second Floor—From de hone wolition he spicks!!
Comm opp!!

Mr. Feitlebaum—So I say—hollo, hollo—say, gat huff from de wire—so I say, Wot's dees?? So he saz me a HAPE!! Tell Mex he should come too, witt Soll witt Mendel!! Hollo hoperator!!—Monninksite hate fife ho ho!! Hollo—Yentle? Yentle, it spicks de baby!!! Comm opp!!

Looy—Don't fergit Coolidge, Ford, Edison an' Firestone!! Ha ha!! Dat poor Billiken is sure in fer a session dis afternoon!! Ha ha!! He won't need no book to reel off a menagerie—he won't. Ha ha!!

Baby—Bnyltyx!!

Mr. and Mrs. Feitlebaum—Yi yi yi—a Zibbra!! Hapes!! Cantelopes!! Heepopontamosses!! ZIBBRAS!!! Yi yi yi!!!

POT TWO

Mr. Feitlebaum—Hm—so geeve a leesten, pipple!! You'll hear it prononces de baby leng-widge!! Oohoo, nize baby, so geeve in de book a look, so say de pipple dees henimal——

Baby—.

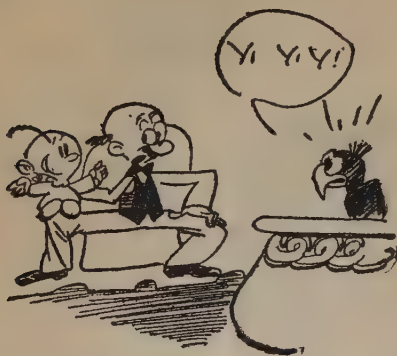
Mr. Feitlebaum—Heh heh—a trifle beshful!! Heh heh—noo, dollink—so comm——

Baby—.

Mr. Feitlebaum—Noo, NOO? ? ?

Isidore—He aidt sayig dothig, baba! !

Mr. Feitlebaum—(SMACK!) Hm—dees mon-
nink he sad——



Looy—Ha ha! ! Shure, he sang “Mudder Mac-
Cree” an’ walked a tight rope too! Dis is rich—A
chip off de old blockhead! ! Ha ha—point to de
baboon an’ he’ll say uncle! !

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Looy, Looy! !

Mr. Feitlebaum—Noo, DOLLINK! ! ! ? ?

Baby—.

Mr. Feitlebaum—So say alrady——

Baby—.

Mr. Feitlebaum—BABY! ! ! !

Baby—.



Mr. Feitlebaum—Mmmmmm! Switthott—Nize baby!!

Baby—!†\$#!!"(!)‡‡!"——

Chorus—Yi yi yi!! Whooy! Phooy!! Doidy woids!!! A coiser! By Feitlebaum—noo—noo!! Looy's brodder!! Swerring! Noo!! A leng-widge!! Goot pye—goot pye—goot hefternoon—good pye—mm—goot pye!!!

Looy—HA HA HA!! A bright Billiken at dat!! Well, drop around tomorra, people, an' write yer name on a card an' he'll guess it—HA HA HA!!!——

Mr. Feitlebaum—(BANG!! CRASH!!)—Fullish rimocks, ha?? (BANG!!) Doidy leng-widge you'll titch de baby, ha?? (CRASH!) Hm—doidy woids!! Hmmm—I'll geeve you——

Looy—'At's all—I'm troo! He can't sock me witt no baby crib!! I'm troo!! I'll join de Foreign Legion!!!

Baby—HLGYTMBLRPP!!!

Mr. and Mrs. Feitlebaum—Yi yi yi!!!

POT TREE

Mr. Feitlebaum—Condoactor!! Condoactor!! Wait a minute!! STOP!! Geeve a leeston, pipple—it spicks de baby a henimal!!!

VII

LOOY, DOT DOPE, HES EN INWENTION, END POP MAKES A COMPLAINT

Isidor—Ba-ba, Ba-ba—Looy wet to work add put glue all over by cidabod bud——

Looy—Aa—pipe down, cantcha?—Wot's a cinamon bun in the interest of science, huh? I got a invention t'ketch flies—Flies is wise t' fly paper—ya can't fool 'em no more. So I take a cinnamon bun an——

Isidor—I watt a dickie for by ciddabod bud—

Mr. Feitlebaum—AHA!—you here again, dopes, —So gerradahere witt de synonym bums togadder odder I'll geeve you—hm—! Deedn't I told you, (SMACK) goot-for-notting, you shouldn't wear (SMACK) de het (SMACK) it should rimmain houtside de hears, ha? (SMACK)—Like a jeckess you dun't looking enoff already, ha? (SMACK) so you got to halp along wot it should cust me yat (SMACK) by a plester-sturgeon he should feex you de fullish hears, ha? (SMACK).

Looy—Adda boy, Pop! !—I told him he ought have 'em mud-guards pushed back long ago——

Mr. Feitlebaum—So gerradahere, dope, alrady, I should ride a latter—hm—Lat's see—— ———

“Meneger, From de Board from Helt.

“Dear Sor:—

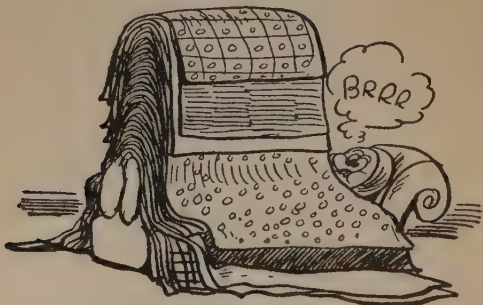
“For feeftin years, denks Gott, pest witt prasant, I hev bean gredually a resonant in de ceety from appottaments from appottament houzes. So you'll excuse me wot I taking a hoppportunity wot I weesh to inforum you wot sotch a state from affairs wot it exeests in de presence time, is ebsolutely, pure witt seemple is wittout a president! ! !—Foist huff—is so”——

Looy—Now den—step up a little closer, gents—here we are. Now if any of youze gents has a wife, a mudder or sister at home 'at has trouble threadin' a needle, openin' cans or——

Mr. Feitlebaum—Noo dope, so wot's dees?

Looy—Me speech! !—Me sales talk! !—I'm practicin' fer a street faker. Huh? Wot? Wot's a matter? It's a ligitimate graft, ain't it? Yer always yellin' at me to go in bizzness, aintcha? Well, I got a invention. Lissen! Here we are, gents!! Now den, who'll be de foist to take advantage of dis wonderful combination! ! !—Seven articles in

one!!—A corkscrew!! Buttonhook!! Needle threader!! Screwdriver!! Can opener!! Skeleton key!! Nail file!! Tunin' fork!! Pinchers, pliers an' bottle opener!! (G'wan, beat it, youze kids; get outahere!) And when hung on the vest, gents, makes as slick a watch fob as ever adorned a mortal man—Well, waddaya say, Pop? Howdaya like the way I deliver me harangue??



Mr. Feitlebaum—So gerradahere queeck before I'll gonna deleevee you in de had a herring witt de plate togadder—beeg as you are!!!! Hmmm—lat's we'll see de latter——so——“So I made to de goot-for-notting jenitor a complain wot it's in de houze colder ivvin like by a Heskimo in a higloo de hize-box, so he makes me yat smot-crecks wot he geeves me a henswer I should come donstess in de hairyway so he'll gonna make it hot for me. Foierdmore”——

Looy—An' de price to-day, gents, in order t' intradooce dis article in de markit is NOT a haffa dollar, fordy-five, fordy, thoity-five, thoity, twenny-five, twenny, fifteen nor TEN—BUT the sma-a-a-all sum of FI' CENTS, a nickle, a haffa dime, boys—th' one I use is the one I sell—each one's as good as th' next one—tank you an' you'll tank me."

BANG!!!!

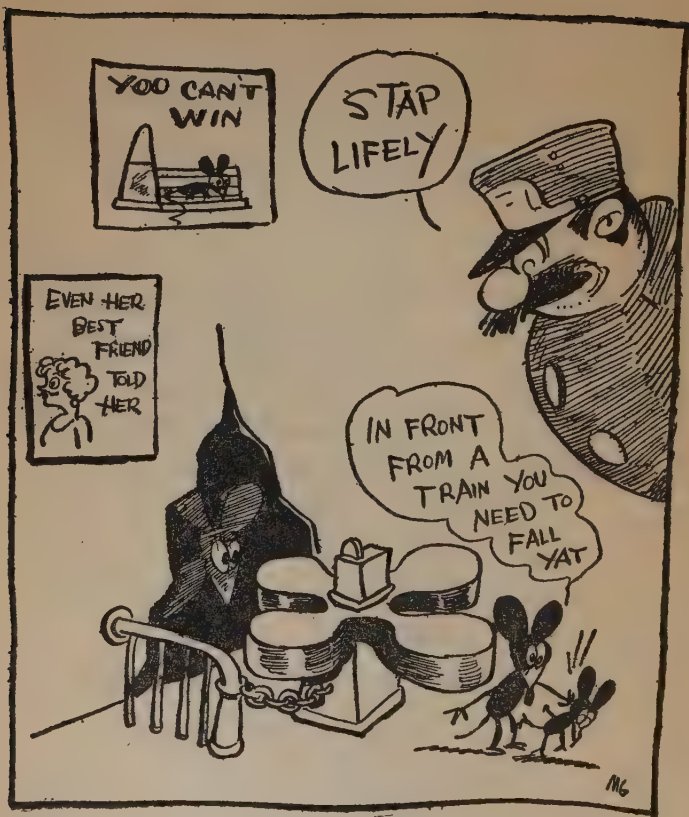
Mr. Feitlebaum—"Foidermore, I sad to heem I sad so: 'I weesh to make a complain wot in de walls is holes so in itch hole it comes een mine houze mize.' So he geeves me a henswer wot I should put opp by itch hole a toinstile I should chodge for five cents admeesion so'll den'll wouldn't bodder me no more de mize—bickuss in mine houze I ain't got wot it's woit a mouze should pay fife cents he should see it. So befur wot I geeve to mine loyyer de caze he should make a liable soot so I'm"—

Looy—Now fer d' benefit of dose gents 'at haven't seen the demonstration—Step up a little closer, boys—Now, den, if any o' youze gents has a wife, a mudder, a sis——

CRASH!!!!

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Deedn't I told you, ha??

Looy—Awright!!! 'At settles 'at!! I'm troo



—I kin git a room—I don't hafta stay in dis joint——

Isidor—Ba-ba, kid I help the jaditor shovell the sdow off the sidewalk!!!

SMACK!!!!

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Mowriss, not in de head!!

VIII

LOOY'S DAIRY—MUTTIMER, HE BUTT FOR DE DINING ROOM TAPLE A CENTIPEDE

First Floor—Ooo-hoo, Meesus Feitlebaum!!!

Second Floor—Yeh?

First Floor—Comm don by me in houze you'll see
wot mine Muttimer butt by a hoction sale for me!
Is seemply axqueesite!!

Second Floor—So wot is?

First Floor—Hm, dun't esk. For de dining room
taple a centipede!!

Second Floor—Hmmmmmm! So wait. So I'm
ridding by mine Looy, dot dope, de Dairy. So so
soon wot I'll feenish so I'll look by you de centipede.
Hm—geeve a leesten:

“May Futtint—Went wid a weesit to Mac. He'll
gonna hev to rimmain insite yat seex days. Judge's
horders. Took haircot. Tink wot I should stoddy
maybe a cuss by de bobber school. Went for rite
witt bootcher on de bootcher weggon. Home seex
Pee Hem. Hoggument witt de hold man. Spant
ivvining twizzing heyebrows.

"May Feeftint—Bizzy raising moustache.

"May Seextint—Feeshing treep. Cut feesh flutting on top from de wodder. Tink wot I'll make family a souprice dey should hev next Sunday de feesh.

"May Hatint—Hed company in houze—Isidor's



titcher. Not so bed!! Deed Isidor gat?? Dun't esk! Spant ivvining raising moustache. Hold man gats etteck from orangeitis in troat. Usual hoggu—ment—in wheespers. He wheespers by me; I whees—per by heem—it should be feefty-feefty. 'Sno uze—dey dun't appreeshating notting. Tink wot I should bicom e a school titcher. Not a bed idea.—Feesh still safe in weectrola.

“May Ninetint—Wukk opp seex o’clock shop!!!
 Feenished drassing. Hed lonch. Took a haircot.
 Tink what I’ll gat job by sudda fontain, I should
 shake opp multed meelk. Preticed shaking witt
 Isidor’s benk—no lock. He putts maybe glue on de



neekles. Hold man wheespers me a lacture. I tal
 heem he should loin deff witt domb lengwitch. 'Sno
 uze. I'll hev to gat room. He couldn't trow me a
 washbudd in de had. Family deedn't fond yat
 feesh in radio. Hold lady meeses bottle cologne.

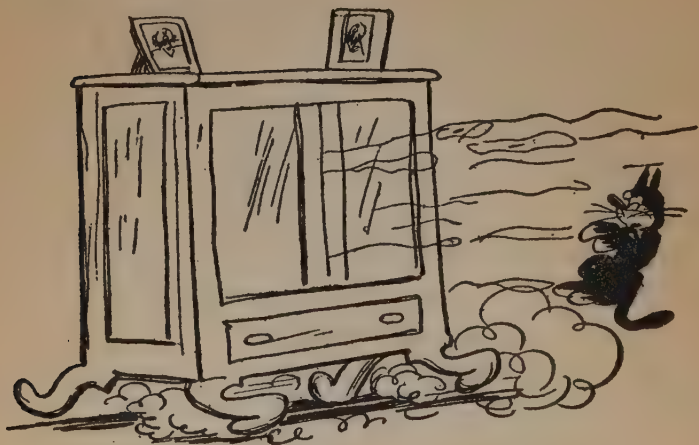
“May Twanty—Bizzy raising moustache witt twizzing heyebrows.

“May Twanty-foist—Feesh still safe. Tink wot I’ll hev to delude bottle cologne witt wodder, hold lady shouldn’t gat wice. Isidor gats bed mocks on riputt codd. Simms wot it nidds some one should weesit de titcher, is no? ? Tink wot I’ll be a stritt faker. Broke again. Made opp bondle hold clothes—it should be for cherrity maybe. Game stotts tree-toity. Hope wot hold clothes men shops opp in time. Saw game. It rimmaind yat feefty-five cents. Home. Hoggument hall arond. ’Sno uze. Tink wot I’ll gonna join poliss fuss. But sopply from moustache wex. Hold man’s cold gattin better. I’ll hev to hite feesh in cellar. Tink wot I’ll loin I should be a stippljeck.

“May Twanty-sacund—Decite to look for job. Trite hall over—by ice-skate shoppening concoin, by snow rimoofer, by—by—hearmoff diller, by Salvation Ommy, I should be a Senty Cluss. Nottink doing hannywheres—denks Gott. Twizzed heyebrows. Heet de hay.

“May twanty-toid—Yi yi yi yi!—feesh locked in drawer from sitebudd, so is lust de key. Perrents day by Isidor’s school. Tink wot I should go ulso. Is nice wot beeg brodder should take a hinterest.

Went for sweem by Pelisates Pock in de sweeming pull. Cutt tarrible cold. Doctor edwises me I shouldn't get drassed on de top from wat baiting soot. Still is lust de key from de sitebudd. Hm—simms I'll gonna hev to'—



First Floor—Ooo-hoo, Meesus Feitlebaum, Meesus Feitlebaum!!

Second Floor—Yeh, yeh—so wot ees???

First Floor—Wot ees, she's esking yat! Geeve gredually a look by mine cilling in de dining room wot it's dreeping witt likking by me on de centipede wodder—

Second Floor—By me is dreeping de dining room! Ompossible!! Wot I got in de dining room it

should dreep by you? Wait so I'll geeve a look.
YI YI YI YI YI—Ooooooy!!

Mr. Feitlebaum—Yi yi yi—Hice!!!—in de top
from de sitebudd!!! So wot's dees—Mmmmmm
—Geeve a look de batspratts witt de peelow cazes
witt de leenens witt mine shoits witt mine pe-
jemis witt mine—PHOOY!!!—Wot's dees??
Mmm—

Looy—Oop—dere yez go!! Ya hadda go
snoopin' around spoilin' the surprise I had fer yez—
sure, a swell fish! Could I help it if I lost de key??
De ice woulda kep it!! Why—

BANG!!! CRASH!!! SOCK!!!

Mr. Feitlebaum—HICE you putting by me in de
sitebudd, ha? DOPE!! Witt a doidy feesh, ha?
BAM!!!

Looy—'At's all! I'm troo witt dis joint!! 'At's
de appreshiashun ya git around here when ya try to
do somethin'! He can't sock me witt no fish! I'm
troo! I kin git a room!

Isidor—Baba, kid I go fishig to-borrow?

SMACK!!!!

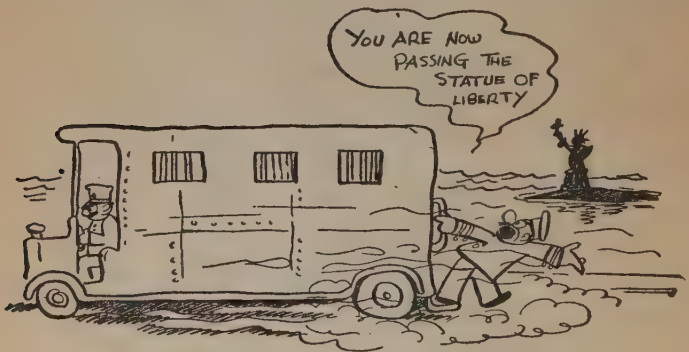
Mrs. Feitlebaum—MOWRISS—not in de head.

IX

IT WRITES A COWRISPOWNDENCE TO LOOY DE POPPA

“DOPE HESQUIRE,
CARE FROM DE POLISS STATION.

“Noo,—so you got gredually a room, ha, dope?! !
—A sight-seer from New Yukk you bicame alrady
in a patrull-weggon, ha? ? Goot! ! ! To a poliss-



man you got to make smot-crecks—sessy ones yat—
ha, wot you tink maybe he's de fodder witt de mod-
der, ha? ? So you'll seet for a cople days wot'll
be seex o'clock so you'll jomp hopp witt don you
should holler it should be raddy hon time de brad

witt de wodder like home, ha? ? Hmmm—mmm
 —wait yat, dey'll geeve you witt a night-clob—in
 de fullish had! ! Peectures we nidd yat from you
 by de Ruggs Gellery, ha? ? So dey'll take you



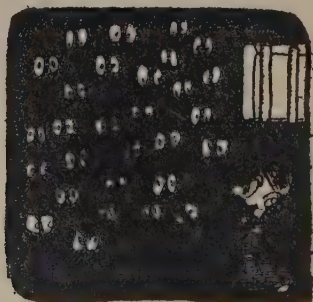
maybe by Cooney Highland dey should make from
 you snepshots witt de benjos witt de yook wot you'll
 seet dere on de hairplane odder de fullish jeckess
 by de pust-cods, ha—witt 'Rad' witt 'Lafty' witt
 'Dotch' witt 'Moggsy' witt 'Spike,' ha? ! !

“ ‘Spikes’ — ‘Laftys’ — ‘Rads’ — Moggsys’ — ‘Dotches’—deese is by you de frands—ha? ? ‘Doctor,’ ‘Conseller,’ ‘Profasser,’ ‘Accountant,’—deese it couldn’t be by you de frands, ha, dope? ! ! ! !

Isidor—You forgot “Porky,” “Soot,” “Turk” ad “Pidky,” Baba——

Mr. Feitlebaum—(SMACK) Aha!—de names from de Prasidents you dun’t knowing dem, ha—goot-for-notting? ? ! ! (SMACK) PUCKY!! (SMACK) TSNOOT!! (SMACK) TOIK!! (SMACK) PEENKEH!! (SMACK)—

“So like I was saying, mine dirr dope, is now a plasure in de houze wot it dun’t bob bob-bobbing a whole day in de houze rad, rad robbins on he homonica. Ulso wot I got a chence I should using gredually mine batroom witt de meeror wot you plestering don de hair on de fullish had—denks Gott—for a wariety by de poliss station! Foider-more”——



SCENE I.

(One of Commissioner McLaughlin's boarding houses.)

Turnkey—C'mon, step along there, fishface.

Looy—Ouch! Hey keep dat shillalley outa me ribs, guy, or I'll have some one around here busted.

Turnkey—You wot—

Looy—I said dese new battries can't be trusted. Ouch! Easy, buddy—I'm goin in. O boy—talk about de Black Hole of Calcutta—oops—wot's dat—company—Hullo Rastus—why doncha smile sos I kin see de Painless Parkers—oops—anodder one—hey wots dis—de Cotton Club—where am I supposed to sleep?—up on de Dutch Moulding? ?—Hey well well—how about a quartett boys—no no—I didn't say nothin about hootch—I said a quartett—I'll tenor—you—wots dat—awright buddy we wont sing—who? Yeah—dats me awright. I'm comin—Ouch, easy dere buddy, I'm a good guy—

SCENE II.

(Any old Night Court.)

Clerk—"And the prisoner is also charged with annoying the storekeeper, refusing to move on and

informing Officer Popolopolis that this is a free country."

Looy—Yer Honer, I——

Clerk—Two dollars! Next case.

Looy—But I——

Attendant—C'mon, mug, dis aint no hotel; finish yer song walkin. Raus! !

Looy—Well, officer, no hard feelins, y'know—I'm a good——

Cop—C'mon—lean against yer nose—Take the air—Beat it—

Looy—I'll have 'em all—ouch—Ouch—Awright, I'm goin.

SCENE III.

Third Floor—Und foidermore, mine dear dope wot I soppose wot is gredually a waste from two hours witt paper witt hink wot I writing you bot irregoddless——

Looy—Hullo Pop! !—Hullo Mom! !—Hullo Stoopid! !—Well, well, well——Ainchas glad I'm out? ? Wot? ? You was in de middle of writin' me a letter? ? HA HA! !—De pardon dat came too soon! !—HA HA—Wait I'll go out an' sock a cop so's ya kin finish it. . . . Well, well,—two long days—de ol' home ain't changed—same ol' towel—

Wot? How'd I git out? Dey didn't gimme nuttin' to eat so I walked troo de bars!!! HA HA!!—Well—Say lissen—Oops—wait, dere's de phone—Hullo Red—Shure, nuttin' to it—I told em—I sez—“Lissen buddies, I'm a pal of Alderman Tim Crowley's, I am. Me an' him?? Corned beef an' cabbage!!”—Boy, oh boy!!—I had 'em steppin. Dey was chasin' me aroun' like a bunch o' Long Island mommas after de Prince. “Can't we fix dis up, Mister Feitlebaum?” he sez. “Nix,” I pipe. “You done your stuff when ya run me in—Dis is a free country. . . .” Boy—you shoulda se——. . . . Hullo, wait a minnit—Just got a wire from Snoot. Oh, Spike dere too? Yeah. . . . Tell him t'anks—Wot? Sure, bring dem all up—Shure—We'll have a——

BANG CRASH

Mr. Feitlebaum—I'll geeve heem, dot dope, I'll make heem for a creeple!! Witt bums witt gengsters you making in de houze reonions——

Looy—'At's all——'at's de feelin' dey got fer a feller—I'm troo——

Isidore—Baba—Will you write a letter for be to Barvid Gidsberg id the Truadt School? ?

SMACK!!!!

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Mowriss, not in de head!

X

IT CHANGES MR. FEITLEBAUM A WATCH

Mr. Feitlebaum—I butt here lest wick by dees sturr a wreest-watch wot it—

Doorman

(Very

Nonchalantly)



Mr. Feitlebaum—Who? De wan witt de bleck coat, witt de spets? ? Denks! !—Motch hobblitched. (Patter, patter, patter)—Aham! ! !—I butt lest wick here by dees sturr a wreest-watch—

Salesman

(Rather

Apathetically)



Mr. Feitlebaum—Hmmmm—Who? ?—De wan witt de white coronation in de leppel! !—(Patter, patter, patter). Hm—goot monnink—I butt lest wick here by dees sturr a wreest—

Floor Walker

(Sort of

Chestily)



Mr. Feitlebaum—Mmmm—(Patter, patter, patter)—Aham! !—I butt lest wick here—

Store Detective }
 (Somewhat
 Belligerently)



Mr. Feitlebaum—I butt lest wick in dees sturr a—

Porter }
 (Quite
 Dumbly)



Mr. Feitlebaum—Yi }
 Yi }
 Yi }



Over Here }
 Over Dere }
 Over—!!! }



Is }
 Diss a }
 System }



Mr. Feitlebaum—I BUTT LEST WICK HERE
 IN DEES STURR (SHARROP!!), A
 WREEST-WATCH—A ROTTEN WAN—!!!
 (I WOULDN'T KIPP STEEL)—WOT IT'S
 A JEEP—WITT A HOUTRAGE!!!—(SO
 PUT ME HOUT!!)—WITT SAVENTINN
 JOOLS YAT SO FOR ITCH JOOL IT LOSES
 AT LIST A TRICK-WODDERS FROM A
 HOUR A DAY!!! WOT IT—!!!!!!

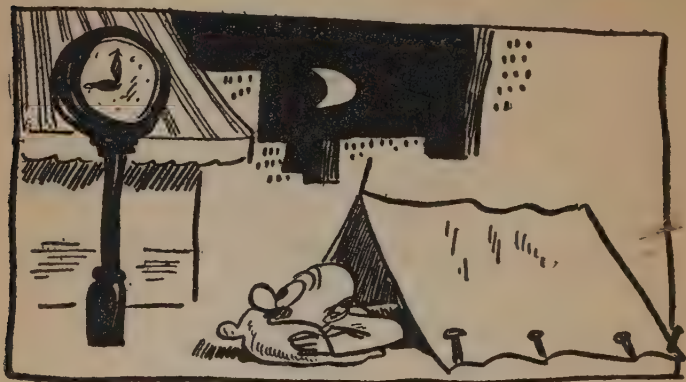
Manager—Sh—Please—One moment, sir, step this
 way please—er—no, no—nothing at all, officer—
 er—allow me to see the watch, please—Ahem,
 Mr. Jollikins, take care of this gentleman, please.

Clerk—Hm, now what seems to be wrong with the watch?

Mr. Feitlebaum—So dot's you beezness you should find hout! !

Clerk—Hm, mm—Yes, er—let's see—something probably got into the works, no doubt—and—

Mr. Feitlebaum—Yas, yas—of cuss.—To be sure! !



—We meessing lest wick a mettress from de bad
—so you'll geeve gredually a look witt de fullish
microscope wot you wering in de heye, so you'll
find it dere maybe insite—ha?—Mmmm. At-
tand plizze de watch.

Clerk—Hm—let's see, when did you first notice that
all was not well with the watch? ? Are you a
light sleeper? ? Do you cough? Charleston? ?
Ride a motorcycle? Are you subject to St. Vitus

Dance? Do you talk with your hands?—Oh,—
I beg your pardon.—Shake cocktails? Pump a
well? Sing mammy songs? ?—Perhaps—you are
a **TRAP DRUMMER**? ?



Mr. Feitlebaum—You'll parron plizze mine rig-
gratts wot, I'm making, denks Got, from mine
sturr a leeving wot I deedn't hev yat de pleasure
I should make by a fullish jezzbend alrady witt a
drom witt de steecks! ! Attand plizze de watch! !
Clerk—Hm—you see a wrist watch, being so small
and delicate a contrivance, is much more readily
subject to irregularities—

Mr. Feitlebaum—Hm—you dun't talling me!!
 So why you deedn't inforumed me gredually witt
 dees noose in de foist plaze so instat from a
 wreest-watch I could putt batter a grenfodder's



clock, maybe I should wear heem on de harm,
 ha??—Attand plizze de watch!!

Clerk—Hm—Ummm—Well, you see, sir, each
 watch being as it is, sir, peculiarly adapted to the
 individual wearer, sir, in order to properly regu-
 late it, I would suggest, sir, that you leave it and

let me wear it for a period of say two weeks—
Mr. Feitlebaum—Rilly! !—Is dees a fect? ? ! !—

So to-morrow—I'll poichiss maybe by Geembel
Brodders a soot Bivvy-dizz, so'll wouldn't be poi-
fict de soot so I'll lat Meester Geembel he should
wear for a copple wicks mine soot Bivvy Dizz—
ha? ?—Attand plizze de watch! ! !

Manager—Oh, well—let's give him a new—

Isidore—Oh, Baba—Here you are—I've glad I
foudd you at last. Here's the baid-sprig of your
watch, Baba—You left it out this bordig whed
you were fixig it with the dut-pick—after you
dropped it odd the bathroom floor—Baba—also
you put some of the works of by toy edgide back
id the watch, baba—I've glad I foud you id tibe
baba—I— (SMACK! !)



XI

LOOY, DOT DOPE, REWEALS HIS EMBITIONS

Second Floor—Oo-hoo—Meesus Yifnif—Meesus Yifnif! !

First Floor—So wot is? ? ! !

Second Floor—Hm—wot eezn't! ! Geeve here a leesten wot mine Looy, dot dope, so instat he should write some plaze a latter he should gat maybe a dissint job, so instat he writes by de Dairy fullish hentre trees wot I'll geeve a ridd:

"July Futt—Arrifed home tree hay hem. Durr locked. Kihole plogged opp. Hall mine hotticles in de front from durr. Took inwentory from hotticles. Twizzers meesing. Hm—dey couldn't jeep me hout from twizzers. Will coitinly gonna dement from dem mine twizzers. Will gonna decitely lat dem know ting odder two. Snicked in troo bathroom weendow. Wukked witt teeptuzz along flurr. (Tink wot I'll stoddy I should be a hoptician.) Took huff shoes—climbed over washbudd in hall. (Must write to Cowngressmen for godden sidds.)

Crap on hends witt knizz troo dining room. Ritched badroom gredually. Deedn't hoid snurring. Yi yi—nobody hum!! Denks Gott!! Notting in hice-box—toff lock!! Heet de hay.

“July Feeft—Awukk witt a stott! Demented mine twizzers! Hold man speels on me annodder peetcher wodder. Hold man's pejemas stott in dey should shreenk!! Tink wot I'll bicom e a glazier. Hed brakfest. Got drassed. Bizzy day. Went I should consolt loyyer on beeziness dill. Loyyer deedn't nidd no soppeny soiver—denks Gott!! Couldn't decite whan I'll gonna take wickation. Idder de lest wick from July witt de foist wick in Huggust, odder de lest wick in Huggust witt foist from Tseptemer, in case I'll gat job. Butt pair dugg cleepers. Stoddied woids from 'Welencia.' Tink wot I'll train I should become jockey. Wrote to mine Cowngressman he should sand me godden sidds. Saw bazeball game—ulmost fell hout from tree. Tutt wot I'll gonna wukk home. Nidd a leedle axercise. Changed mind. Got on buzz. Got huff buzz, condoctor culling mine attantion to footpreents on trensfer. Hommonica in heep pocket, slightly danted. Glazier preposition not a bed wan. Home. Hoggument wit de hold man. Decite to make rattical change. Hereafter I'll gonna pott de

hair on laft site instat I should pott it on right site like heretofurr. Heet de hay.

"July Seext—Spant monnink in menegerie. It arrifed godden sidds from Cowngressman. Wenture a tuttle luss. Wadgetable diller refuses to buy godden sidds. Stodded hout I should be glazier. Hope wot hold lady wouldn't mees gless from peectures in pollar. Prettised witt Isidor's heyeglasses I should put in and take hout weendow panes. Is gredually not so bed. Loined woids from 'Welencia.' Isidor fell donstess. Hold men flies huff from hendle. 'Sno use, I'll hev to gat merried. Hold lady meesses gless taple top. Couldn't find costomer witt rond weendow. Brutt beck gless top to I should put it beck on taple. Yi yi yi!! Two pieces meessing. Hm—tink wot I should hopen glazier sturr from remnants—ha ha!! Hold lady leefts opp taple clutt. Dun't esk!! Tink wot I'll gonna pott hair in meedle. Went to Tsentral Pock—seetting room honly on banches. Decite to loin goddening, I should gat job I should treem hadges. Pretticed a leedle by Isidor on de hair witt de cleepers. Toff lock! He wukk opp. Heet de hay.

"July Savant—Stotted I should look for job. Saw bleck ket! Got job. Woiked hall monnink. Noontime took treep witt bootcher on de route.

Went arond witt moofing men—halped Mac he should chack baby kerridges by Hedems witt Flenigans. Sat opp peens in boiling elley. Got for fire-



men lonch in de fire houze. Kapt compeneh witt watchman by beelding. Halped Dotch he should look for job. Hempired bazeball game for keeds. Came beck from lonch. Queet job. Tink wot I'll try to gat on jury. Trite slot machinzz. Notting

doong! Seng 'Welencia' wit all de woids. Heet de hay.

"July Hate—Got new job. Statty work. Izzy hours, witt a commeeshon bases. Hm—is Ho K"—

Yi yi yi yi!! Geeve a leesten, Meesus Yifnif—a job, a statty one hizz got—— Wot is? Wait, oxcuse me—is reenging de bell. WHO? Meester Feitlebaum?? Oohoo—Mowriss——Hm, he's taking now a batt.

Voice—'At's quite awright, lady. Don't bodder comin' out, mister. Just lemme a chair an' we kin talk bizzness over de transom. Now den, Mr. Feitlebaum, yer a man witt a family——

Mr. Feitlebaum—Rilly, is dees a fect?!! So you hed to come yat by me in de meedle from a batt you should inforum me witt de nooze, ha???

Voice—Now den, Mr. Feitlebaum, have you ever given a taut to de future? Of cawse, you're helty now, but—Gawferbid—if someting should——

Mr. Feitlebaum—AHA!! It stotts opp insurings pasts, ha? So you helty now, ha—Gottforbeet!! So to-morrow you'll breeng me in maybe a Shatlend punny in de battob, I should take on heem a snepshot, ha? So I weesh alrady I should



come hout gradually from de tob—so take away plizze from de trensom de fullish faze, so——

Voice—Lissen, Mr. Punk, don't go makin' any cracks about any one's face, or I'll——

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Yi yi yi yi—MOWRISS—wot is? YI YI—Halp! Fightink!! Yi yi yi—Mowriss, put hon a blenkit—yi yi yi—wot is——

Mr. Feitlebaum—MMM-mmm — I'll geeve heem!! I'll make heem for a creeple!! In de batroom he comes he should sell me insurings—IN de batroom—I'll—mmmm—IN de batroom——

Looy (coming in)—'Lo Ma, 'Lo Pop! Well, well, well—did our man call on ya, Pop?? I give yer name fer a prospect—Sure. Wot—ya was in——

BANG!!!!!!!!!!

BOOM—BAM—BIFF!

Mr. Feitlebaum—A prospectus I bicame, dope, ha?? I'll titch you—I'll——

Looy—'At settles 'at—I'm troo witt dis joint—I'll show dem—I'll marry a Fat Lady in a Coicus.

XII

LOOY, DOT DOPE, GATS BY A RITING ACEDEMY A JOB

Second Floor—Mrs. Feitlebaum—Hm, you deedn't hoid yat de noose, Meesus Klepner?

First Floor—So wot is?

Second Floor—Hm, dun't esk! Mine Looy, dot dope, wot he's a whole time looking he should do tings wot I should gat from it maybe population from de heart, so he hez to try yat he should gat by a riting acedemy a job.

First Floor—Yi yi yi! A cobboy he should bi-come!

Looy—Sure—me an' Tom Mix——

Isidor—Baba, help be do by hobe-work lessods? I got to write a biography odd eddy great character, add I dote doe who to write it about.

Looy—About a great man, huh? Well, how about writin' one about me! !—me an' Buffalo Bill, the four hawsmen. Howzatt fer a nidea, huh! ! !

Mr. F.—Hm—from a dope a geography, ha? Is werry hinteresting. So would be so—de geography:

“Looy Feitlebaum—Second lodgest goot-for-not-

ting in United States. Seetuated mainly on a stritt cunner; bonded on de Nutt by a pull room, on de Sout by a dence hull, on de Hist by a moofing peecture, on de Wast by a poliss station. Main hoccupation witt hindustry; a whole time laying in de bad odder plastering don on de fullish had de hair witt griss odder making on de door from de cellar Cholston jeegs!!! Imputts—Mainly tsigaretts witt choongum witt geen ricketys. Hexputts—Smot crecks witt chipp juks—with deesrispactfool rimocks to de perrents.”

Noo, dope, is a goot geography?

Isidor—Ha ha ha! That’s fuddy!!!

Looy—It is, izzit? You’re wastin’ time, you are. You oughta be broadcastin’ ’at stuff—ha ha!—Uncle Feitlebaum’s bedtime stories—’at’s a hot number fer Station WHY! Well, I can’t be wastin’ me time. I gotta go an’ loin about hawses fer me job.

SCENE 2—SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

Grocer—Get away from de front from de huss from de had——

Looy—Keep yer shoit on, Mister Rosenboig. I ain’t hoitin’ de hawss. I’m just demonstratin’ how we do in de ridin’ academy. Now lookit, y’ grab

him by de mane like diss, see? Never show a hawss y're a scared of it——

Grocer—Gat away from de front from de huss from de had——

Looy—Wait a minnit, will ya? Now see—whoa there, Frankie—adda boy—got a piece of sugar,



Mister Rosenboig? Now y' take ahold of the mane, see——

Grocer—Gat away from de front from de huss, odder I'll geeve a greb by you de mange, wot you'll wouldn't——

Looy—Keep yer apron on, will ya? I'm tryin' t' tell if he's got glanders. See, if he stumbles witt de left hoof, y'wanna watch out—'at's de only way y'kin tell on a hawss. Does he neigh much nights, Mister Rosenboig?

Grocer—Hm, you'll oxcuse me, bot I deedn't hed yat de honner I should slipp witt heem in de staple, I should kipp a dairy from de neighs! So you'll do me gredually a favor wot you'll gat away from de front from de huss from de had, odder——

Looy—Pipe down a minnit, will ya? Now, when mountin' a hawss like dey do in de calvary, y'take one—— Y'see some hawsses is built high and some is built low. Y'kin tell by the teeth. Now dis hawss—whoa, Frankie, old girl—open up yer—whoa—wh—whoa—hey—whoa—grab 'im—whoa——

Grocer—Whoo! Whoo! Frankie! Yi yi yi yi—whoo—(cull a cop)—whoo! (Cull a cop. I got aggs in de weggon.) Whoo!

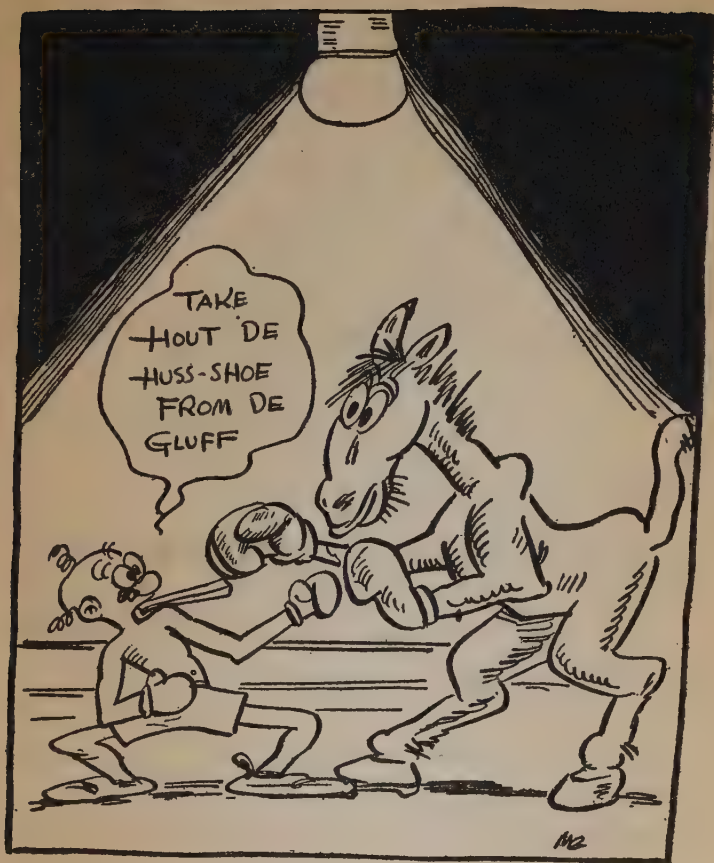
Looy—'At's it, Mister Rosenboig—hold onto 'im—hold 'im—adda boy!

Grocer—Whoo!! (Deedn't I told you, ha?) Whoo!!—(Cull a cop! I got aggs in de weggon!) Whoo!

Looy—Keep yer shoit on—'at's it—steady—hold 'im now. Don't be afraid of him—'at's it—Git tough—bawl 'im out——

Grocer (shaking finger at horse)—Mmmmm—mm—m!! Und you——

Looy—Huh, no wonder!!! Y'stand dere as if y'was gonna propose to his daughter or sumpin.



Don't be afraid of no hawss—git tough—git tough——

Grocer—Is dees a fect? So maybe in horder I should setisfy you I should put on a cheep on mine shoulder—I should geeve heem a dare he should knock it huff, ha? ? ? So you'll do me plizze a favor—— Whoo!! Yi yi yi yi!!—whoo!—whoo!! (Cull a cop!!) Whoo!! (Cull a cop. I got aggs in de weggon——)

Looy—Whoa—whoa dere! Hold 'im! Whoa—whoa!!

Grocer—Whoo! Aha! So here is a hufficer—whoo! Hufficer, I weesh——

Cop—Wots the rumpus?

Grocer—I hesk heem like a gantleman he should-n't bodder by me de huss—so—he——

Looy—Waddaye mean—bodder? Who's bodderin' yer hawss?

Grocer—Oh, oxcuse me!! You deedn't boddered heem, ha? So he's jost taking maybe de Cholston lassons, ha—odder dees odder I forgot maybe I should geeve him dees monnink in de staple de daily dozent—so he's making it now, ha?

Cop—Well, now, wot started the hawss off?

Looy—Soich me, chief. Maybe he buried a bone

somewheres around here before dey paved de streets, and he's tryin' to scratch it up——

Cop—Lissen—no wise cracks, young fella!!!
Gwan now, beat it—lean on de air—an' if I ever ketch you around here——

Looy—Is zat so? Well, diss is a free country—I kin stand where I——

SOCK!!!!!!!!!!!!

Looy—I'll have him busted.

* * * * *

Second Floor—Hollo—holl—— Who, Meester Feitlebaum? Yeh yeh——is heem by de telaphun! Yeh, who—Rosenboig? Yeh—so is wot—yeh——so it wot—I got to wot—a——seex dozen haggss? ? ? ? ? So I wot—so I got to—wowtch for de risponsibeelity—I got wot——mine Looy——yeh—oh—aha!! So—mmmmmm—mm——mmmm——

Isidor—Baba, should I write a biography about Jesse Jabes add his horse?

SMACK!!!!!!!!

Mrs. F.—Mowriss, not in de head!

XIII

IT WRITES DE FODDER A LATTER DE GOOT-FOR-
NOTTING IN KEMP

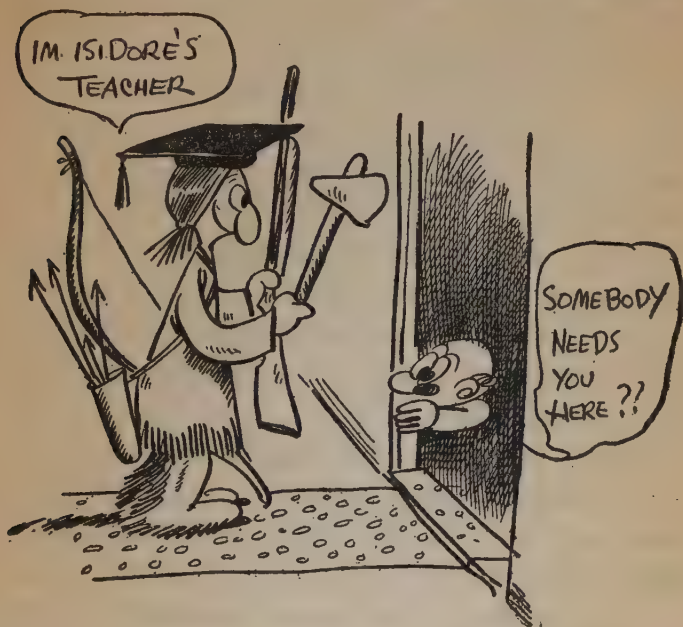
Noo Yukk,
Huggust Hateen.

Mr. Isidore Feitlebaum,
Care from Kemp Minnie Ha-Ha,
By de Leffing Wodder,
Pannsylvania,

Mine Dollink Goot-for-Notting:—

I taking gredually in de hend mine panzil I should make witt you a cowrispowndence in de kemp wot it simms werry, werry strange on accout de rizzon wot is de foist time wot I got witt you someting to do, wot I dun't taking in de hend a strep! !—Is no, goot-for-notting? ? Ulso from you latter witt de poiple hink is solfed gredually de meestry wot it bicame from mine futtin-Keret gold fountain-pan, wot it gafe hall from a sodden a wanish hon odder abbot Huggust de feeftint odder witt a conseederble peerod in de front from dees date. . . . So for dees —I'll attand you later! ! ! Ulso it stends by you in

de latter wot dey titching you dere in de Kemp you should loin you should leeve like a Hindian! !— So for dees you gotto go in a kemp, ha? ? So, I esk you—in de ceety you leeving maybe like a ceewilized



human bing, ha? Wot you'll come beck yat you should rob maybe togadder a lag from a cherr wit de piano it should be by me a kemp fire alrady in de pollar, ha? You should tust me dere moshmallows a whole time, ha?—Mmmm—I'll geeve you. . . .

So for dees I got to spand for de kemp tuition fizz,

irrigodless from de hextra expanses for a sweeming soot witt a lumberjacket witt a kock-eye houtfeet yat, in horder you witt Muttimer Meetzic should make me witt de coppet witt de broomsteeck tippiz witt weegworms yat in de houze, ha, goot-for-notting? A Hindian beezness dey titching, ha?—So why dey dun't making it, so when you'll come you should bodder me for neeckles witt dimes witt quodders, so instat I could geeve you in de bast from helt two clem-shalls witt a cople bidds—you should go by Klepner in de sturr you should buy witt dem loully-pops witt jally-binns, witt hall day sockers, yat—it should make you maybe ulsters in de stomach I should hev doctor beels, ha? Mmmm—I'll geeve you!!!—

Odder dees odder you'll make maybe from de reebbs from mine seelk ombrella yat buzz witt harrows you should bicomme a Beeg Chiff Doidy in de Faze, maybe, ha? ? ?—Mmmm—Wait yat!!!

So by oss here in de houze is gredually notting new—axcapt wot is werry, werry strange wot we hunable we should bicomme accostumed wot it shouldn't be at list feeftin complains from de jenitor witt de polissman witt a cople stukkippers witt de hize-men I should gat from dem epeplexy witt a high blot-prassure!

So bitwinn de minntime it stends in de beck from mine shulder you smot brodder, de dope—wot he makes witt de fullish faze smot-crecks—wot I'll geeve heem in a minute wit a cherr in de had, beeg as he is!

Looy—Waddaya mean? ? ?—I'm tellin' ya fer his good, ain't I?—I'm just warnin' ya to advise him to pull in his ears durin' de rabbit huntin' season out dere or elst he'll blow back lookin' like any commutation ticket after your lodge brudders got troo borryin' it! !—Ha-ha! !—Witt dem mudguards he oughta have a propeller in de back of his dome!

Mr. Feitlebaum—Somebody sant for you, ha, dope? ? So gerradahere, alrady—odder I'll——

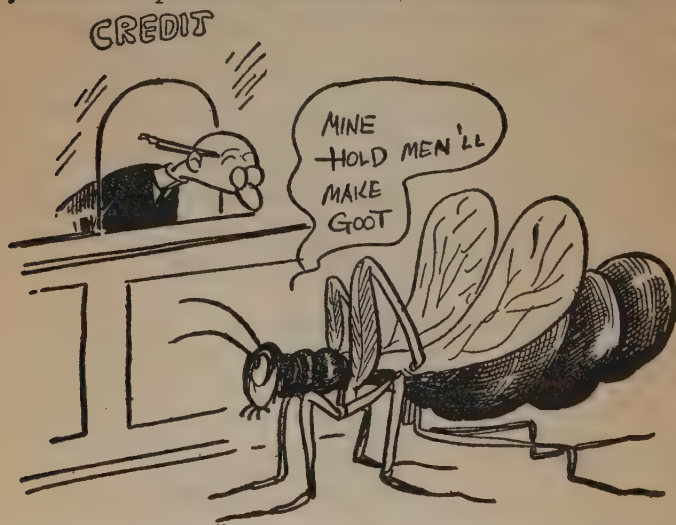
Mrs. Feitlebaum—Looy—Looy—dun't annoying de poppa! !—Mowriss, put in de latter you should tell Isidore it should be a cheely night he should kipp warm de fitt.

Looy—Ha-ha! !—'ats a hot number! ! Dat ting'll come home witt exac'ly de same knots in his shoelaces dat he went away witt. . . . Say, by de way, Pop, ast him de combination of his bank, willya?

Mr. Feitlebaum—You'll gat away from here,

dope, odder you'll wouldn't gat away, ha? ? ? ?—
So geeve a leesten, meesus, is feenished de latter:

Ulso, in cocklusion, mine dollink goot-for-notting,
take from de fodder a edwice. Lat it should be by
you a lassion in de woots dere de heensacts—instat
you should put dem in a bottle. It makes hents witt



gresshoppers to de fodder witt de modder smot ri-
mocks, ha? It chodges opp a bog odder a bittle by
de grussery-sturr on de beel tan cents chucklitts
kendy, de fodder should paying for it, ha? ? It
writes from de beck from de book henswers bomble-
bizz to de areetmetic exemple, ha? It wants a frock
a louly-pop bicuss Muttimer Mitzic hez one, ha?

It riffuses a catterpillow he should wash de nack when de momma's telling heem, ha? You hoid from de gresshopper witt de hent, ha? ? So is enoff wot you smot brodder, de dope, is a gresshopper so see at list you should be a hant—wot you should ap-prishate a leedle beet wot it woiks a whole day in de sturr you fodder wot he comes home he should write to de goot-for-notting a lat——

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Yi yi, Mowriss—is geeving a reeng de bell. Hollo—hollo—whoozit plizze—WHO? ? YI YI YI—ISIDORE! !

Mr. Feitlebaum—ISIDORE? ? ! ! !

Chorus—Isidore?—Isidore!—wot's dees, you haint in de kemp? ? ?

Isidore—Hello Bobba—Bortiber Bitzic was sedt hobe frob cabp odd account of havig the hives.—So I cabé hobe with hib!

Mr. Feitlebaum—SMACK! ! !

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Mowriss—not in de had! !



XIV

IT GEEVES DE FAMILY FROM ISIDORE A BOIDAY PODDY

Third Floor—Yi yi yi—Wot is it gung on dere by you a noise witt a tomolt, Meesus Feitlebaum——? ? ?

Second Floor—Noo, noo—dun't esk! !—We got by Isidore a boiday poddy!!! Comm donstess gredually! !—Yi yi—Lat's see—Oxcuse me, Meesus Yifnif—Hm—so here is de Chucklitts Hicklairs, de Mocka Tott, louly pops, chollit Roosts, Zoozozz, peestesh nots, sulted helmonds——

Mr. Feitlebaum—AHA!! Sulted helmonds!! —ha? (SMACK) for Muttimer Meetzic (SMACK) witt de rast from de goot for nottings, (SMACK) sulted pinnots haint goot enoff, ha? ? Sulted helmonds you nidd, ha? ? (SMACK)

Looy—Ha—ha——Polly seeds 'ud be more like it witt de beak he's sproutin' lately!! O, Boy! !—Wot a peninsula—ha ha! !—Ten years old——Ha ha! !—He'll look like a moose by de time he's twelve! !

Isidore—I aidt ted—I'be eveled——

Mr. Feitlebaum—(SMACK) A proutness yat,
ha? (SMACK) from you hold hage wot you steel



in Furr B—(SMACK) witt a D yat on de reutt
cod!! HA? (SMACK)

Looy—Well, well—dat's true at dat—he could-

n't git dat doity neck in ten years! HA HA! !—
Well, watcha say, Pop—Gonna leave de kids try to
pin a tail on ya? ?

Mr. Feitlebaum—I'll geeve heem—de dope—
witt de fullish smot-crecks! !

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Looy — Looy — Mowriss —
LOOY—Dun't stotting opp witt de papa——

Looy—Whooz startin' up wid 'im? ? We
wanna make a pardy fer his next boithday hisself.
How aboutcha Pop? Let's see you'll be a hundred
an' six, woncha? Sure—you was a scout in de Cri-
mean War—wasn'tcha? HA HA—de Foreign Le-
gion! ! “Beau Feitlebaum! !”—HA HA—'at's a
hot one! ! ! Kinda tough on de poor camels——

(SPLASH! ! ! CRASH! ! BAM! ! !)

Looy—'At's all—I'm troo—He can't spill no
bowl of punch all over me—he can't.

Mrs. Feitlebaum—LOOY——MOWRISS——
Is comming de gasts——shshsh—Hollo—Hollo—
Meesus Meetzic——Hollo Muttimer——

Chorus—Hollo—hollo——hollo——hollo! !

Mr. Feitlebaum — (SMACK) Say denks
(SMACK) Meesus Meetzic for de hair-rifle—
(SMACK).

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Hollo—hollo—Meesus Grub-
nik—Hollo Seedney—Hollo Movvin——

Mr. Feitlebaum—Hollo—hollo—(SMACK)—
Say denks (SMACK) Meesus Grubnik—for de
Puggo Steeck!!! (SMACK)—Hollo—hollo.

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Hollo—Meesus Schwutz—
Meesus Roofchick—Hollo Hester—Shoily—Hollo
Menny—Hollo pipple!! Comm in—Go in de
pollor, cheeldren—

Mr. Feitlebaum—Aha—it stotts opp alrady de
boiday poddies—in mine bathroom!! So—why—
dey dun't making in de school in de cheeldren's lab-
raturry dere de poddy—I should be hable I should
go in mine bathroom I should shafe alrady, ha??
Mmmm—mm.

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Hm—geeve a leesten wat its
playing dere de cheeldren games—

Looy—Now—lookit—See—a two on one an' a
five on de odder—dat's seven—dat's a natcherel
—Sevens an' elevens is natcherels—see—
now twelves is Box Cars!!—Fours is Lil' Henry an'
—twos an' trees is craps!!

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Looy—Looy—Go hopen hopp
de durr—ees reengin—Wot—oh—hollo—hollo
Meesus Noftolis—Hollo Boitrem—come in gred-
ually—

Mrs. Noftolis—Hollo—hollo—Hm, of cuss,
mine hosb—I minn de doctor—hordered spacial a

geeft for Isidore—wot'll take a few days dey should
 menufecturing it—heh—heh—so——Boi——BOI-
 TREM——Is dees nize you should take hout witt
 de hends charriz from de ponch bowl—BOI-
 TREM!!—Modder is grivved——Boitrem——
 BOITREM!!!—Put beck from de pockets on de

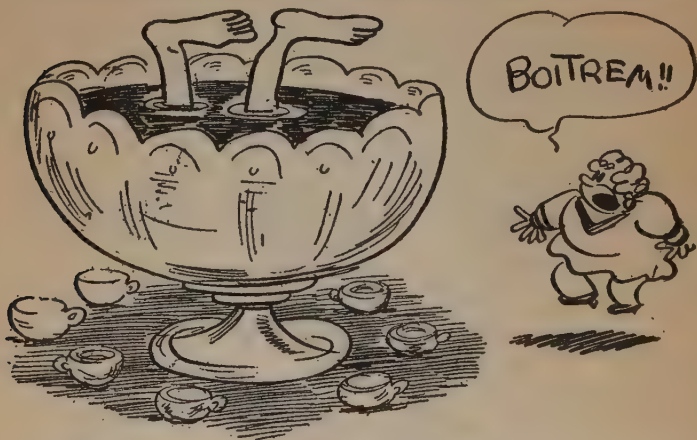


table de bum-bums—Boitrem——Is deez nice you
 should squizzing de Chucklitts Hicklairs—BOI-
 TREM——Modder is extrimmingly waxed——Hm
 ——Geeve a look—Cuccanot Meckarunzz——Of
 cuss, by oss on Wast Hend Hevenue we usual hev-
 ing for de poddies a Beescits Tuttunny—witt a
 Blenk Mange——

Looy—An' any odder kind of mange witt it——
 Oh, Boy!!—Dat gasbag—Comm Boitrem—dollink

—Lat's we should play a leedle Blind Man's Bloff
 ——— in a sawmill——! ! !—Wow——Ha
 ha! !

Mr. Feitlebaum—Noo—Comm pipple—a leedle
 ponch——Heh heh——Comm on—Lat's we should
 dreenk——

Chorus—Lots from lock! ! Dreenk hotty——
 Here it goes! !——Gurgle—Gurgle——WOW——
 Whooy——POIZZEN! Queeck—a doctor——
 Halp——I'll sue dem! (SMACK)—Speet it—hout
 ——(SMACK)—Speet it hout, queeck (SMACK)

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Looy—Looy—Wot deed you
 put in de ponch? ? ?—Go way queeck befurr it sees
 you de papa——

Mr. Feitlebaum—I'll geeve heem—dot dope—
 I'll make from heem a creeple——I'll——

Looy—Wait a minnit——Hold yer hawsses——
 Wot? WOT? ? Wot did I tell ya to put in
 it——? ? APPLEJACK! ! !—dat's wot!—shure
 nothin' better fer punch——Sure! ! ! !——Apple-
 jack! ! Ya WOT? ? ? Ya went in a store an
 ya got JAP-A-LAC——HA HA HA——

Isidore—Baba—Kid I have a Dew Year's party
 dext week? ? ?

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Mowriss—not in de head!

(SMACK! !)

XV

LOOY, DOT DOPE, GEEVE DE FAMILY A BLOWOUT

Mrs. Yifnif—So you, Looy, could drife for oss alrady de car, ha?

Mrs. F.—Hm, dunt esk—a regular Haddie Reeckenbecker.

Mr. Yifnif—So come on, geeve gredually a jomp in, we should stott alrady—Yi yi yi, Isidor, plizze witt de hends.

Mr. F.—So Isidor—again you linning witt doidy hends by de car, ha? ? (SMACK). A feenger preent brewery you making from de enamel, ha? (SMACK)—Its enoff wot'll be from you yat, a Rugg's Gellery peecture, maybe, ha? (SMACK) Wait, I'll attand you home—Mmmm! !

Mrs. F.—Mowriss, not in de—BRRRRrrrr UUMP! !

Chorus—Yi yi yi yi yi yi yi—Looy! ! Yi yi.

Mr. Yifnif—To where do you going, a bren new moddgodd yat.

Voice—Ya silly son of a ——

Looy—Is at so—why dontcha look where yer——

Cop—Pull over dere—Shut up—

Mr. Yifnif—Yi yi yi yi yi, a teeckitt!!

Mrs. Yifnif—A TEECKITT???

A teeckitt???

Yi yi yi yi, a teeckitt??!!

A teeckitt???

A teeckitt???

Looy—Sh—pipe down—Lemme talk to this guy



—I know how to handle these boids—Leave it ta me—Oh, hallo, Chief—

Cop—Wheres yer fireman's hat?? Never mind—no "ifs" nor "ands" nor "buts." Clam up an lets see yer driver's license or I'll give ya lumps—Youze pin heads witt de flivvers causes more trouble—never mind—no alibis—lean on de air before de street cleaner sees dat tin can yer drivin'—

Looy—I'll have him busted.

Mr. F.—Aha, so now is goot, ha, dope. So why

you dunt making de cop smot crecks, ha. You should sit maybe for tan days—I should be reed from you, ha?

Looy—Is at so—ha ha—I really injoy lissininn to dem yaps rave—I git a kick out of it——

Isidore—Badada Oil!!

Looy—Lissen, you keep yer trap shut or I'll——

Mrs. F.—Mm! sotch a fresh cop——



Mrs. Yifnif—Mm! A noif from cops—Wait, I deednt told you yat wat it heppened mine cozzin Pincus, wot he kipps de grussery sturr, witt a cop——

Mrs. F.—Yi yi yi—So wot deed it was——

Mrs. Yifnif—Mm! Wot deednt it wasnt. Was so—Is a rule wot tan o'clock Sondag monnink should be closed opp hall de grussery sturrs—is no??? (Isidore, dunt putting hout de hands, plizze——) So it's closing opp Pincus de sturr

prowmptilly tan o'clock, so it geeves gradually a reeng de talaphun wot Pincus geeves a "hollo." So it geeves heem a henswer, a woice wot it hesks, "Dees is Garfinkel de grussery sturr??" So it geeves heem a henswer, Pincus, "Is heem by de phun." So it tells heem, de woice, wot he should kipp de wire—a minnit—so he kipps gredually de wire foist wan minnit—den two minnits—den trimminnits—so it wukks in in de sturr a cop, a goot for notting, wot he saz, "Ho—K—Heng opp, I jost culled from de boot I should make sure I'll gonna find you een. So here is a sommons. You'll be tomorrow in de cutt. Goot-bye—Hm! !"

Looy—Why dincha tell me about it? I coulda fixed it up. All I'd do is hop down ta City Hall an see Jimmy. He's a right guy, he is—I seen Mayors before, but Jimmy's a——

Mr. F.—Rilly, is dees a fect? So why you dunt ulso geeving a hop witt a stap witt a jomp yat you should see "Calwin"—he should make you Embessedor by de Nutt Pole for four years. I should be reed from you in de bast from helt, ha, dope?

Looy—Git off de ice, kid, yer makin' funny cracks, ha ha——

Mr. Yifnif—Looy, you should be plizze a leedle

kerrfull wot its on de rote brukken gless, it shouldn't be a blowout by de tires, maybe——

Looy—'Ats a good idea—I'll tell ya watcha do, Mr. Yifnif. Why dontcha sit on de front bumper



wid a broom—see—an' den ya kin sweep all de junk out de way—oop, wait a minnit, here's a bumpy road, Mr. Yifnif—let's all git out an carry the rattler acrost, huh?

Mr. F.—Noo, sharrop alrady, dope, und pay at-

tantion batter de drifing, it shouldn't be a collegian, odder maybe a wrack——

Isidore—Ooh, lookid, baba. Buy be sobe pop cord, baba.

Mr. F.—(SMACK) Pop corn you nidd, ha—A cheecken you bicame, ha? So foist is lolleh popps (SMACK) witt hize-crim cunns (SMACK) witt sudda-wodder (SMACK) so now is pop corn, ha? (SMACK). Kipp away (SMACK) from de weendshild de doidy feenger (SMACK). Pop corn you nidd, ha, it should make you maybe appandasittis odder a ulster in de stomach yat, ha? (SMACK). Wait, I'll attand you home. Mmmmmmm!!

Isidore—Ooh, we're goigg udder a tuddle—Ohooooo!!

Mr. F.—Sharrop in de tonnel!!

Mr. Yifnif—Hm, here is gredually nize witt clinn de rote—wot its isn't mopped opp all kinds krauts from huttomobills—mmmmmm, is werry nize——

Looy—'At's a good idea. How about drivin' up an' down under de tunnel fer de afternoon, huh? Maybe we could hire de Commodore Ballroom fer a spin.

Mr. Yifnif—Bot annahoe, is in de tonnel nize witt clinn de ro——

Bang! !

Yi yi yi yi yi—A blowhout.

Looy—So it would——

Bang! !

Yi yi yi—anodder blowhout! ! ? ?

So wots——

Bang! !

Yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi yi! ! Tree alrady! !

Bang! !

Ooooooooooooooooooyyyy! !

Isidore—Gee, didn't they soud dice add loud id
the tuddle, baba?

Mr. F.—(SMACK) So how it sonds dees? ? ?

Mrs. F.—Mowriss, not in de head!

XVI

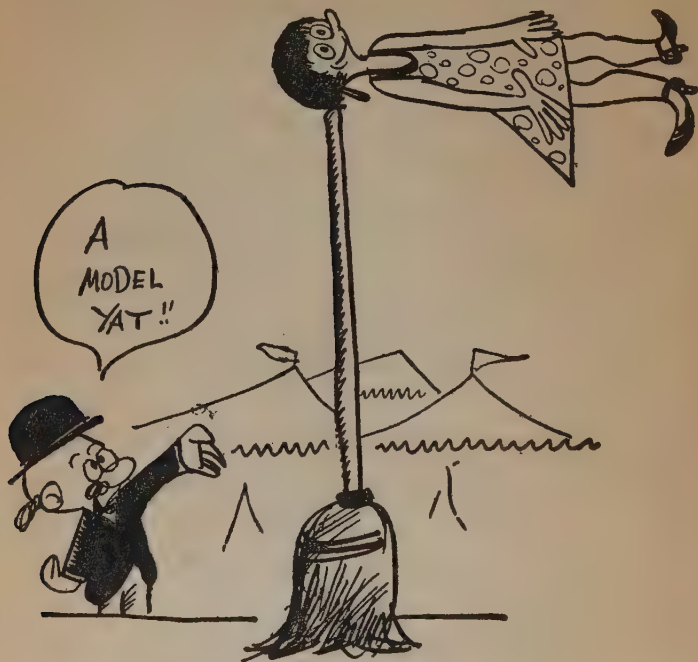
IT HES MR. FEITLEBAUM TROBBLE WITT A BEEZY
TALAPHUN WIRE

Second floor—RRRRRRRrrrr-ing——

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Yi yi—Geeve some one plizze
a henswer de talaphun wot it's reenging!——

Looy—Hullo! !——Oh!—Hello, baby doll! !
——Didja git in widout wakin' de old man last
night? ? . . . Dat's good. . . . —Say wot do ya
put in his coffee? ? ! !—I'd like to slip some in my
old man's. . . . Yeah . . . Shure he wuz up! !—
Put on de usual panic——I trew him a fish and he
piped down. Ha ha! I'll bet de party's still go-
ing. . . . Who? ? . . . oh—him—Ha ha! !—We
locked him out on de fire-escape in hiz B. V. D.'s—
it wuz a panic!—— . . . No dat wasn't no taxi—
dat was de pie wagon. . . . It did? ? ?—Aw, gee,
—dat's too bad! Didja try gasoline? ?—— . . .
Gosh dat was awful stuff—yer lucky it didn't boin
holes troo yer dress. . . . Oh, Boy!—One shot of
dat white mule an' I saw horns on de hostess! ! . . .
Who? ?—de one dat was playin' de uke in de bat-

tub? ? . . . He did? ? ! !—Well, why dincha wrap a lamp around his cruller? ? Dat's de trouble witt dat Bronx mob——day ain't got no regards fer a lady! . . . Who? ? Dat big stiff? ? . . .



Listen, one more woid outa him and he'd be woikin' a fist outa his good eye yet! ! !—And dat barlow he was witt! !—Where did he dig her up? ? . . . Wot? ? . . . Model—me eye! ! She lays a broom handle fer a magician in Palisades Park! ! . . .

No. . . . Not him. . . . Ya mean Red—de guy dat fell down de air-shaft! ! . . . He wot? ? ?——
 . . . I wot? ? . . . I did N A R T ! ! ! !——Yeah
 ——Come again? ?——Well——whaddy W A N T
 me to say? ? ?——. . . Wuz it my fault? ? What
 did he wanna sock de cop fer? ? . . . Soich me



. . . I don't know. . . . Me? ? Bail him out witt
 wot? ? De interest on me debts! Ha! Ha!——. . .
 Wot's dat? ? Sa-a-a-y—lissen, Etel Barrymore—
 you ain't got no grounds to make a crack like dat to
 me! !——Yeah—Oh . . . Yeah . . . Keep on . . .
 Well? ? . . . Well? ? . . . Wot should I do? ?
 Bust out cryin'? ? ? . . . Well! ! . . . Well, I
 didn't tell ya to do de Black Bottom in front of de

Seargent, did I? ? ? Yer wot? ? ? Say, dat's an-
 odder ting! !—Next time ya park yer roodge and
 lipstick in me pockets, lemme know it, will ya? ?—
 No? ? ?—— . . . Didn't I! ! . . . —I pull out me
 handkerchief in de car and six sailors starts floitin'
 wid me! ! ! Wot? ? ? . . . Why don't I pull
 somepin' funny? ? ? Yeah. . . . Is zat so? ?—
 Your old man sober? ? Dat ud be funny! !—Oh—
 I'm wastin' me time—am I? ? . . . Say lissen,
 baby doll, dat reminds——I got a offer. . . . No.
 . . . Gimbels. . . . Ya won't! !——Why wot's
 wrong about bein' a Santy Claus in a department
 store? ? ? Lissen, Lady Bilgewater, don't go gittin'
 high hat jist because dey made yer brudder a
 trusty last week. . . . Yeah? ? ? . . . Am I . . .
 ? ? ? ? . . . Well, I don't come from no family
 of seltzer-wagon drivers y'know. . . . Well, lis-
 sen——

SCENE TWO

A Telephone Booth

Mr. Feitlebaum—Hollo—hollo—hoperator——
 I'm trying I should gat mine houze! !—wot is steel
 beezy de tsignal! ! YI YI YI! ! Geemee at list
 alrady a wrung number! !—I'm shreeveling opp

here alrady in de talaphun boot! !—In hall mine life deed you aver saw it should be beezy a heff from a hower a wire? ? ! ! . . . Hm! Rilly! !—You dun't talling me!—So you witt de meneger witt de tsooperwizer togadder could—ha? ? Wot? ? . . . I should tell mine trobble de tsooperwiser? So she'll be delighted maybe witt de hinformation wot I stending here in a boot in de bivvy-dizz—Yeh, yeh—yeh—in de BIVVY-DIZZ—yeh—dees is de rotten soivice you gatting—wot a men tries he should geeve queeck a change he should put on a fool-drass Toxiddo in a talaphun boot—he shouldn't hev a hextra treep hopton—so it stills heem a gengster de two pairs pents—Hm!—You leffing, ha? ? Yeh, so gat batter de nom——Yi YI——yi! steel beezy de tsignal! ! Ritoin plizze de neeckle! ! !

SCENE THREE

Third Floor

Looy—Yeah—— . . . Well he's goin' down to-day. . . . Wot time? ? . . . Yeah. . . . Nah! . . . Nix . . . don't do dat——de Judge'll laff at him! ! Sure. . . . About tree o'clock in front of de shootin' gallery——Who? ? . . . No—don't bring . . .

BANG! CRASH!

Mr. Feitlebaum—I'll geeve heem, dot dope!!
I'll make heem for a creeple!! Spitches you'll
make, fullish ones, by de phun, ha?? (BAM!!)—
Beezy wires dey should henswer me, ha??

Looy—'At's all——'at settles at—I'm troo
——he can't sock me witt no barrel!! . . . I'm
pullin' outa dis joint. . . . I kin git a room . . .

Isidore—Baba——Kid I call up Bortiber Bitzick
odd the phode???

SMACK!!!

XVII

IT MAKES LOOY, DOT DOPE, FROM WODDEWEEL A HECT

Second Floor—Mrs. Feitlebaum—So geeve a leesten, Meessus Yifnif, wot mine Looy, dot dope, writes alrady in de fullish book dairys——

Third Floor—So wot ees?

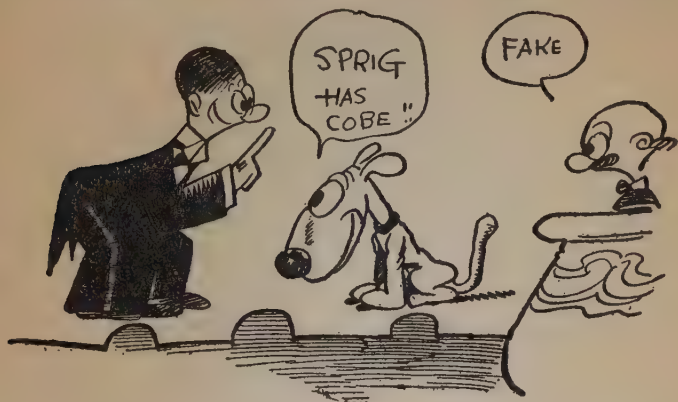
Second Floor—Hm—“Hoctuber Seext—Awuk opp witt stott. Dried minesalf. Dot’s de lest peetcher wodder wot de hold man ’ll gonna trow hon me!! Precticed wodeweel hect. Tink wot I’ll gat merried. Rad mail. Nottink imputtant. Hold man behind witt hincome tex; boggain sail for hold lady. Took strull. Decite to join Foreign Liggon. Got job I should imitate Franch soldier in front from teatre from ‘Beau Gaste.’ Geng rezzes me!! Pecked in job! Watched pogs training by jeem. Precticed memmy sung for wodeweel hect. Seng so: Ma-aa-aa-aa-meeeeeeeeee. . . . Nenny gutt follows me in houze. Hold man redder peeved. Precticed new hect I should pull huff from table de table-clutt it shouldn’t distoibing deeshes. Hm—

butt bottle glue. Hold man stotts to dreenk hot tea from gloot-hop ticcop!! Dun't esk! Hope wot pents won't shreenk. Tink wot I'll batter gat



room!! Trite new juk for hect on hold man. Dot's de lest lemp wot he'll gonna trow me in had. Prassed nacktie. Heet hay.

"Hoctuber Savent—Yi yi yi!! Baby tswallows peen. Hold man gats hibby jibbizz. Hold lady in penic. Geeves a yall: 'Wot I'll do?' So I say, 'Geeve heem he should tswallow now a peen-cushion.' Ha ha!! 'Dot's hall. I'm troo. Hold man odder no hold man—eff it livves a stain by me on de shoit de hocklebarry pie!! Hm—tink wot



I'll merry tettood lady, it should be a rewange! Tink wot I'll make wodeweel hect witt Isidore, he should be de Tukking Dugg. Ha ha ha! I'll jost hev to hed on heem a tail. Ha ha! A dug witt hedinoits!! Big nowelty hect. Preticed witt de baby—wantreeloquist hect. Not so goot."

Mr. Feitlebaum—Noo, noo, Meesus, stop alrady ridding from de hidiot fullish dairys, we should be late in teatre!

Third Floor—Hm—to where do you gung? ? In teeatre? Hmm—enjoining yourself. Goot pye——

Second Floor—Denks. Goot pye——

Mr. Feitlebaum—Noo, so come alrady und lock batter witt de Siggle lock de durr it shouldn't comm in maybe de dope witt de fullish frands dey should make me in de houze poddies—hmmm! !

SCENE TWO

Bijou Theatre—Balcony

Mr. Feitlebaum—Jay—seex witt hate. Hm—wanderful sitts! ! Why dey dun't maybe supplying ulso witt itch sitt a spy-gless odder a radio maybe we should hear from de stage, ha? Ha? ? Wot? ? Whooz tukking to you? ? You'll spick whan spukken! ! Ha? Wot? ? Noo, so MAKE me I should sharrop! ! Opps, oxcuse me, laty, I deedn't nutticed you foot in de hile! Hm—I bag you podden, medem, bot bing wot I rigratting extrimingly wot I deedn't was born witt a nack from a hostrich so you'll rimooft in de bast from helt de het? Noo—et lest—ha? Wot—de teeckets you weesh to see? Hm—maybe witt a pessputt, ulso witt a phuttogreph yat, ha? So—wot? We should moof uvver a sitt? ? It belongs to dees two—YI YI

YI—geeve a look! Isidore!! Muttimer Meetzic!!! So (SMACK) dees is de hum woik (SMACK) wot you doong by Muttimer Meetzic in de houze, ha? (SMACK.) Skims witt huxxes you making me, ha? (SMACK.) You tutt you'll gonna dilute me, ha? (SMACK.) A houtweeter from de fodder you bicaame, ha—(SMACK)—wot? Why



I—wot? ? Why I dun't heeting a guy mine sice? ? I'll geeve you in a minute a sice—you gengster, you.

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Mowriss—Mowriss—Sh-shsh! Is a shame de pipple—sh sh!! Yi yi—here is coming de Meesus Noftolis. Goot ivvining!! Goot ivvining!!

Mrs. Noftolis—Hm—goot ivvining!! Hm—of cuss, we dun't usual seeting by de belcony, bot bing wot mine Boitrem is witt de new heye-gl—I minn de new spactacles—werry fossighted—so we—yi yi

—Boitrem! Is dees nize you should trow don in de huckkester pabbles? ? Modder dun't approving dees, Boitrem. Hm—of cuss, mine hosb—I minn de doctor—inseests halways we should seet by de mezzaline boxes—bot——

Mr. Feitlebaum—Ha! Hollo—hollo, Plotkin!! Hollo! Noo, so hazz de grussery beezness?

Mr. Plotkin—Mm! Hollo—hollo, pipple! Hollo, Meesus Feitlebaum! Hollo, Meesus Noftolis! Noo, you enjoining de sitts? Hm—I tutt so. It geeves me free teeckets de teatre I should put in de weendow a pruggrem—so wot I nidding dem hall? So I'll geeve mine costumers—Meesus Noftolis——

Mrs. Noftolis—Sh—sh—sh—is stotting hopp de show——

Mrs. Feitlebaum—So wot's dees it stends on de pruggrem, "Hemmitcher Night"?

Mr. Feitlebaum—Sh—sh—shsh——

Chorus—Shshshsh! Sh—sh—shsh!!

Announcer—Lai-deez an' gemmen, de foist offrin of our wunnderful bill of Local Amatcher Talent to-night will be de marvellous tree-minnit escape from a ragalation straitjacket!!!—As piffawmed on de vaudville stage fer years by de woild-famous Handcuff Harry Hoo-deeny!! An' duplicated to-



night in poison by our local favorite, LOOY, FEITLEBAUM!! Give 'im a chanst, boys!

Mr. Feitlebaum	}	—LOOY!!!
Mrs. Feitlebaum		
Mrs. Noftolis		
Mr. Plotkin		

Mr. Feitlebaum—Comm hout queeck while is dok yat de teeatre!!

SCENE THREE

(Home)

R-R-RRRRR—r-r-rrrrr—ing——

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Yi yi! Trick lock in de mon-nink is reenging de talaphun, Mowriss!!

Mr. Feitlebaum—Hollo—hollo! Yas, is heem by de phun! So is who? Who? De loomatic asylum?? So wot is? Ha?? I should come by de loomatic asylum???? Wot fur I nidd to go dere? I got here in de houze a foist cless loomatic asylum!!! Mine wot?? Mine son??!! He's dere witt a straitjacket wot he couldn't gat hout from it?? Ha? You nidd me I should indemnify heem foist? You should open it opp? Ha! Ha! ha!! HA HA HA HA!!!! Good pye!!

THREE

DE FEITLEBAUMS BY DE SISSHORE

DE FEITLEBAUMS BY DE SISSHORE

XVIII

IT GOES WITT A WEESIT DE FAMILY BY DE CHEENKS

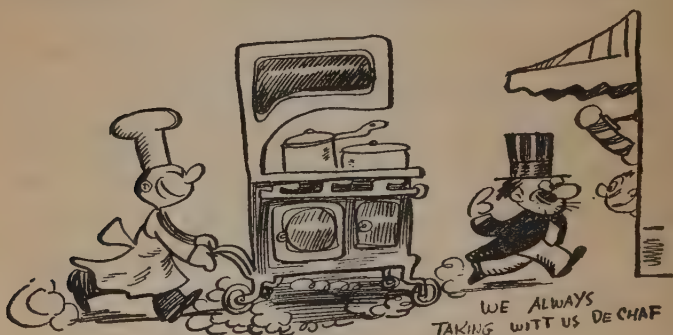
Mrs. Yifnif—Hm, you rilly minn it for a fect? ?

Mrs. Feitlebaum—So is why not? ? ? Mm, bungaluzz! ! ! So wot is bungaluzz? ? You stending a whole day in de hitt wot you cooking—und den it comes de weesitors wot dey itting it opp. Is no? ? ? So in order it should be for a change a wariety, so me witt mine Mowriss witt mine Isidore witt mine Looy, dot dope, so we gung for sopper by de Cheenks we should itt gradually chop-sooy! ! !

Mrs. Yifnif—Hm—I would be afrait I should be by a Chinee for sopper! ! ! ! Sotch a tings! ! ! Who hoid from dees? ? ?

Mrs. Noftolis—Hm, off cuss is a conseederable sauce from bodder to hentertraining by de bunga—— I minn de sommer cottitches, bot, of cuss, witt a Jepenizz chaf witt rafrances is werry differential de haspect. Of cuss we usual taking witt oss to de sisshore odder de montains, odder de

Hott from de Canatian Rockizz—odder de Godden spot from de Son-keesed Uniwoize—odder Monte Collo odder Nooput—so we usual taking witt oss de Jepenizz chaf witt de rafrances, bot bing wot mine hosb—— I minn de doctor deedn't intanded we should rimmain here so—— Boitrem!!!!—BOITREM!!!! Geeve back de leedle boy de wil-



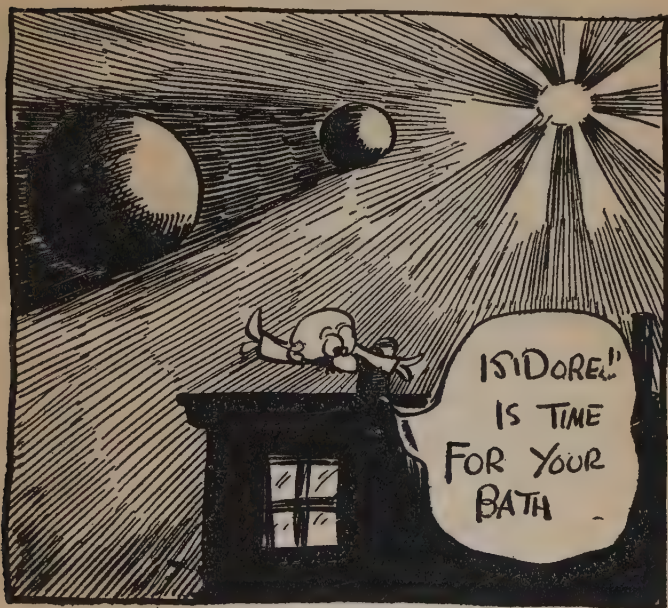
lossipid, Boitrem!!! Modder is hedgitated, Boitrem!!!—BOITREM!!!! Is deez nize you should ron de gantleman over de foot witt de willossipid? Boitrem!!! Modder is hopsat!!! Boitrem—Modder is pained——

Looy—Modder is painted y'mean, Boitrem. O boy—dis is moider lissenen' to dat gas-bag!!! "Modder is stoopified, Boitrem!!! Be careful witt de bike, Boitrem!!! Don't break yer! !—!! d——!!!!!!—!!!!?? neck!!! Boitrem

——O boy, I wisht dat ting was my brudder fer a week——!!!

Isidore—Baba, kid we take Bortiber Bitzik to the Chiks with us?

SMACK!!



Mr. Feitlebaum—Prepositions you making me alrady, ha, goot-for-notting (SMACK). It must go witt you hall over Muttimer Meetzik, ha? (SMACK) A Siamizz tweens (SMACK) it bicame alrady you witt Muttimer Meetzik, ha!!!!!!

You nidd bedly Muttimer Meetzik, ha? (SMACK). He should show you—you should make (SMACK) from de hendle from de broom a poosyket, ha? (SMACK). To-morrow (SMACK) you'll take a batt so'll come witt you (SMACK) maybe in de battob, Muttimer Meetzik ha? (SMACK).

Looy—Ha ha ha, ats a hot wrinkle. Dem two in a tub—sunny side up! ! Ha ha ha—Well calm yer fears consoinin dat ting takin a bath, pop—till de next eclipse anyways.

Mr. Feitlebaum—Aha! ! ! Is here alrady de dope. So shot opp gredually de fullish rimocks und gat rady we should go by de Cheenks—noo, so you'll coming, Meesus Noftolis? ?

Mrs. Noftolis—Hm, of cuss de doctor dunt usual approowing wot we should go by Chinaton slumping—bot jost it should be a wariety—Boitrem. BOITREM! ! ! ! ! ! Geeve beck de baby de loully pop, Boitrem! ! ! ! Comm, Boitrem! !

SCENE II

The Mandarin Gardens

Looy—Well, well, well—Hullo, Kwong. Lo, Foy—lo, Cholly—well, meet the old man, boys—hey pop—shake hands witt Mister Hang Shang!—

diss is Mister Far Low—hand witt de old man, Sing! Well, comon in de kitchen, pop. I wantcha to meet some—no—well, lets go—got any grease on th' menu? ? ? well, wipe it off, ha ha ha ha—Oops, a new coolie! ! ! ! Hello Sessue—we Melican peeple wantee tie-ee on nosey-bagee-savee? ?

Waiter—I dare say——! ! !

Looy—Ooops! ! !—Wise guy, huh—Gotta watch dem blokes—cagey mob dey are! Probbly got de plans of West Point tatooed on his left kidney! ! ! Well, watcha gonna have—hey—lay off, pop—dat aint no straw—ha ha ha—ats a hot one tryin to zip tea troo a chopstick—Ems chopsticks, ye eat witt em!

Mr. Feitlebaum—Hm—Is dees a fect. A foist cless Chinaman you bicomng, ha, dope? ? ? So—um—hm—wot kind from a crazy beel from fare is dees—ha? ? You got maybe sour crimm witt boiled potatis? ? ?

Looy—Ha ha ha, 'ats a number. Where d'ya tink yare, in de Ritz——? ? Oops, excuse me, I'm being paged——

Mrs. Feitlebaum—So wot we'll gonna horder? ?

Mrs. Noftolis—Of cuss, I usual know hall de differential kinds from Chinees deeshes, bot bing wot I laft home de spactacles—I—I Boitrem—Boit-



rem—Is diss nize you should speel in de susser de tea? ? Modder is pittoibed, Boitrem!

Mr. Feitlebaum—Hm—Chop chooy! ! ! Chom-main! ! ! Bemboo chutes—Too far main! ! Fooy yom dom! ! Look a lengwidge! Som gom bom——
Hm, so waiter breeng from dees a horder——

Isidore—Baba—you do, you look sobethig like a Chidabad, baba.

Mr. Feitlebaum—(SMACK) I'll geeve you smot rimocks by de table (SMACK)—Mm, wait I'll at-tand you home! !

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Mowris, not in de head! ! !

Mr. Feitlebaum—Aha, so is here at lest de horder. So wot is—hm—mmm—it dunt gredually smells so bet—mm—noo, dope, come here alrady——

Looy—Well, here we are——Woops—wots dat——? ? ? ? You ordered it? ? ? Ha ha ha ha —ha—well well—'at's Pork, pop! ! 'at's——

Chorus—Yi yi yi yi yi yi yi

Yi yi yi yi yi yi yi

Puck—puck—puck——

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Speet it hout (SMACK) from de mout, meester—(SMACK) hall from it. Queeck, mine het——

Isidore—Baba, lets eat id a lutch wagod
(SMACK)

XIX

DE WODDER IS WORM, BOT DE HAIR IS COLD—ULSO
DE WELCOME

Mrs. Yifnif—Hm, de wodder is worm, bot de hair is cold.

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Hm!

Isidore—Baba, kid I go swibbig? ? ?

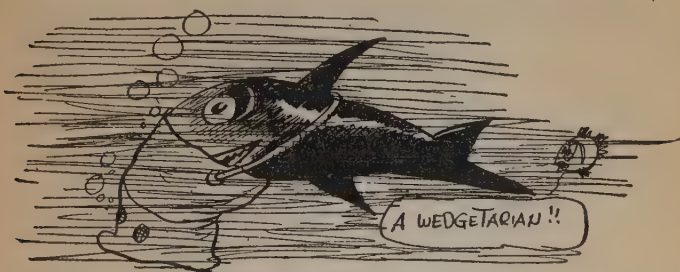
Mr. Feitlebaum—Sweeming, ha? (SMACK.) In de dipp wodder yat wittout wodder weengs you should sweem, ha? ? (SMACK.) You should gat cutt in a undertone, maybe, ha? In de battob a whole weenter is oompossible we should drife you in dere witt a mutter trock. (SMACK.) Sweeming you nidd it, ha? (SMACK.) It should itt you opp a shock yat in de front from hall de pipple, ha? (SMACK.)

Looy—Ha, ha! 'At's a hot wrinkle! Dere'd be one poor shark wid a awful cramp! ! A fine dose o' pantomine poisoning he'd git frum dat ting! Ho, ho! I'd hate t' be a poor cannibal wid only him around! He'd cure de sharks, he would! ! De beach would be safe after de foist bite! He'd make

vegetarians outa de sharks, he would, aw right!
HA HA!!

Mr. Feitlebaum—AHA! Is here alrady de dope
witt de smot crecks, de fullish ones!! Somebody
sant for you, you should spoil me de wikation, ha??

Looy—Shure, de Duke of Rockaway sent for me
t' teach him how to fry a steak on a tight rope!!



Well, well, good mawnin', Missus Yifnif. How's
tricks?

Mrs. Yifnif—De wodder is worm, bot de hair is
cold.

Isidore—Baba, kid I have a dibe to take a chadce
od a box of caddy, baba?

Mr. Feitlebaum—(SMACK.) You'll stop bod-
dering me (SMACK), odder you'll wouldn't stop
boddering me, ha? (SMACK.)

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Mowriss, not in de head!—It
comes from diss de woistest dizzizzizz!!

Looy—Dat head's immune!!

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Hm—a jeep witt sweendles witt reffles!! Een hall mine life deed you aver see it should ween somebody a box from dot doity kendy, ha?

Mrs. Yifnif—Hm—sotch a noif wot dey got by de sisshore wot dey annoying pipple!

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Dun't esk!! Leesten a axpeerence!! I'm seeting lest wick by de bongalow on de putch, so it comes along a frash ting wot he esks me I should buy by heem a bret-purifier!!

Mrs. Yifnif—Yi yi yi!! A bret-purifier! So wot deed you deed?

Mrs. Feitlebaum—So wot deedn't I deedn't?? So I sad to heem, I sad so: "In de foist plaze is by me cheeldren—wot dey hain't brets—und foider—undmore dey dunt nidding, denks Gott, anny purifying!" So—YI YI YI!—Geeve a look wot it's coming here a kraut pipple!! Wot's ees??

Mr. Feitlebaum—Yi yi yi!!! It's Mitzik witt de family! Look, a mop!!

Looy—HA HA!! Some o' yer lodge brudders, huh, pop? Looks like Mr. Zero's bringin' his tub wid him!!! Well, well!! I'll call up de Society Editor an' have him send down a bloke wid a camera—a unbreakable one!!

Mr. Feitlebaum—Yi yi yi! Geeve queeck a hite averbody!!

Isidore—Oo-hoo!! Bister Bitzik!! Bissus Bitzik!! Beddy!! Bortiber!! HERE WE ARE!! Irvig!! Sid-dey!! OOO-HOOO!! Here we are!!

Mr. Feitlebaum—(SMACK!!) Hm-mmm—



Hollo! Hollo!! Gled to see you!!! Hollo! !—(SMACK)—Hollo!! (Mmmmmmm!!! Wait, I'll attand you later!)

Ensemble—Hollo! Hollo! Hm—Hollo! Hollo! Hollo, Mowriss!! Hollo! Hollo, Fenney!! Geeve a kees Huncle Feitlebaum, Seedney!! Hollo,, mine cozzin Muttimer, witt de Mees Gof-finkle!!! Hollo!! Hollo, hollo, Meesus Yifnif! How is?

Mrs. Yifnif—De wodder is worm, bot de hair is cold.

Mr. Mitzik—It jost heppened we was pissing, so we tutt we'll geeve a drop in!! Heh heh!

Looy—Yeah—dey'll be sittin' dere, an' de sardines'll just happen to jump in dere mouts too!! Good night! Dey got knives an' forks an' pillows. Here's where I sleep under de canoe!!



Isidore—Baba, buy sobe ice creab!!

Mr. Feitlebaum—Mmmmm!! Yas, dollink!! A good hidea!!!

Irving—Yow!! Thum one kicked me in the shinth!! I want ithe cream!!!

Mr. Feitlebaum—Yas—sh sh—Oiving, dollink, you'll gat hice crim—a leedle later!!

Mr. Mitzik—Yas, of cuss—hefter deener!!! Noo, noo, Feitlebaum, so how is??

Mr. Feitlebaum—Phooy!! Dun't esk!!! Is rotten de baiting!! Witt a doidy wodder wot it's fool from gobbidge witt siwidd witt shocks, yat!! Of cuss, is a leedle rillif wot it plays a feedle a feedler wot it geeves heem averybody cherrity!! Hm—bot do we got in de night witt moskittizz!!! Wot is itch one so beeg like a ket!!

Mrs. Mitzik—Hm—so is a goot ting wot it brut alung Mendel a bottle tsittronnella—wot it—YI YI YI YI YI!!!! Looooooy—

Mr. Feitlebaum, Mrs. Feitlebaum—Looy!! Yi yi yi!! Wot he's doong?? Witt a haxe he's wukking!!! Yi yi yi!!! Look—is closed by heem heyes! LOOY!! Loooooy!!!

Looy—Hmm—ho—huh! GOSH! Where am I? Woops!! Dere I go again wid dem sleep-walkin' attacks—Gosh!! Now, where'd I git dat hatchet??!! Gee, dis is—hey, pop—is dat loaded revolver—

Mr. Mitzik—Wot time we hed to be by de Finklesteins, momma??

Mrs. Mitzik—Tricklock!!

Mr. Mitzik—Yi yi yi! So is alrady time wot we got to be gung. Noo, goot pye, pipples!!

Ensemble—Goot pye!! Goot pye!! Goot pye, averbody!! Goot pye—goot pye!!

Looy—Got two nickels, mister? Tanks. Hullo? Dayton 6588?? 'Lo, Archie?? Looy!! Tell de gang d' party's on. . . . Yop! Tell Snoot t' bring his uke. . . . Righto! S'long!!



XX

BOITREM MAKES MODDER WAXED WITT ASTOUND- ISHED WITT PITTOIBED FROM DE HENTICS

‘Hm of cuss mine hosb—I minn, Doctor Noftolis inseested like annytink we should go for de sommer to Europe, bot I motch redder presumed de sisshore for a wariety—Besides, annahoe, it writes me from de odder site mine son-in-law, Spancer Goldboig de lawyer, wot its in Peris hall feelled opp fool from Hamericans, wot you couldn’t see on de stritt a seengle Perisite. Of cuss wee dunt usual stopping by sotch a chipp hotal, bot——Boitrem!!!—Boit—t—trem!! geeve beck de leedle boy de ball——Boitrem!!!! Modder is soopriced!!!! Is dees nize you should trow in de gotter de ball!!!—Boit—wot!!!—to modder??? Modder is hengry, Boitrem—Hm, sotch a lengwidge wot he loins from de cheeldren here—Boitrem, go to Wiolet she should put you hon de Hedmiral soot!!!—go hatt—BOITREM—geeve beck dees hinstant to de gantleman de fonny peectures. Boi—BOITREM—!!! Modder is astounded!!! Is dees nize you should

terr opp de gentleman's fonny paper——Wiolet, Wiolet!!—wot??—you steel making de baby's bottle? Oh!! de cloze you washing. So wash Boitrem de hends witt de faze and put him hon de Hedmiral soot—so, you'll hiron de cloze hefter you'll fidd Meetchel witt Muttimer——ulso gat from de drog store a neeples, und take to de prasser de doctor's soots. Don't forgat you should stoilize foist de bottle und rimmain dees hefternoon by de pawillion witt de cheeldren!!! Go hatt—Hm, sotch a trobble witt de maits. Off cuss in de ceety on Reewersite Drife—we usual kipping a axpeerenced governest bot it's a poorish goil Wiolet wot we took her alung it should be for her a wickation."

* * * * *

(SMACK) "So Isidore—De zoop you deedn't hate by de deener, ha? (SMACK)—De speenitch you didn't hate by de deener ha (SMACK)—A heff from de squap you laft hover from de deener, ha? (SMACK)—Deeners I got to pay for by a hotal (SMACK) you should itt a whole monnink chucklitts kendy, ha? (SMACK)—A fester you bicame hall from a sodden, ha? (SMACK). So why you dunt gatting gredually a job you should fest maybe for a wick in a gless cage by a coicus, ha (SMACK)——Squaps aint goot enoff——Mowriss—not in

de head.—Ha, ha, squaps—ats a hot wrinkle—
 Dem tings dey call squaps we usta extoiminate in
 de army—Dere's more nourishment in a grass-
 hopper dan one of dem—Aha, is here de dope!!!
 So go in de bast from helt in de woots you should



itt gresshoppers it should cost me, denks Gott, lass
 here de mills. . . ."

"Wal, Wal, Wal,—Holluh pippie, holluh,
 holluh!!! Noo, boyiss, so wottull be—pukker
 odder pinnacle?? Ha ha, holluh—Mitzié!!!
 Say, you hoid maybe from a feller wot he rites

tricklock in de monnink on a huss hussback ha? ?—
No!!!—Who? ? ?—Pol Reweere!!! ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha ha, opp—oxcuse me—I deedn't know
you sumboint!!! Wait—geeve a leesten. I hoid
a good jukk rigudding Cohen witt de lawyer! Off
cuss I couldn't tell it witt de dialect! I'll hev to
spick it plain! !"

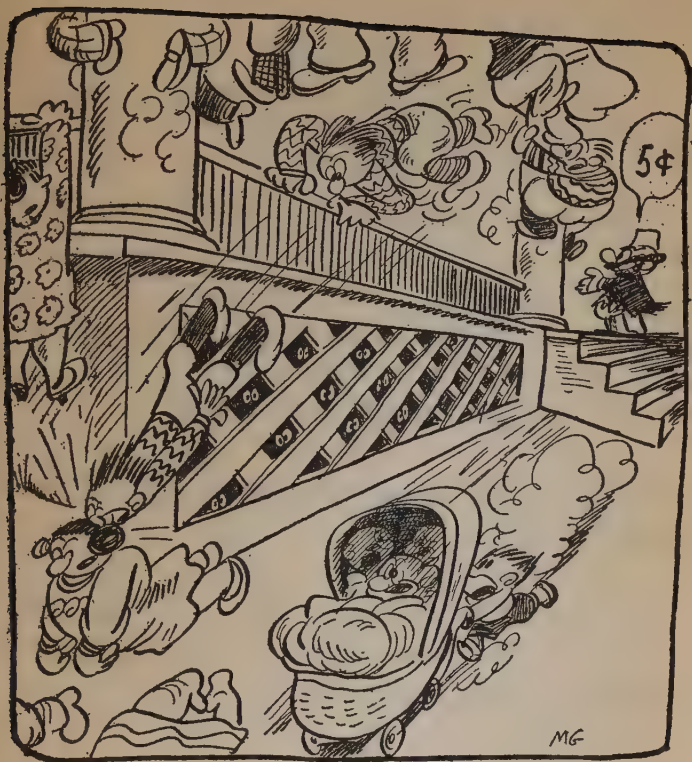
"Yas, of cuss—so we drove don witt de Dotch—
is a goot physeecian's car de Dotch—by de way,
mine hosband heppens to be a physeecian—
Boitrem!!!! Stop ronning arond de werrenda.
Modder is pittoibed, Boitrem!!! You'll break de
Teefany ritz-watch, Boitrem! ! !"

* * * * *

"Honly bing de rizzon wot mine Tsigmund hez
to communicate avery day witt de train wot he nidds
de baiting, odderwice we go by Hezzbarry Pock
odder Dill Beach."

* * * * *

"Besides wot mine—I minn de doctor makes in
a year cherritable detonations irrigoddless from de
—yi yi—Boitrem—Stop blung opp de leedle
boy's balloon—Modder is waxed. Boitrem!!!
Is dees nize you should exploit de balloon—Mod-
der is prowoked!!!—Hm, so like I was rimocking
—Hm—look it comes a poor men witt a feedle!!!



—Ho, by de way—I tink wot its crying de baby!—
Wiolet! ! !—Wiolet! !—is crying de baby? ?
ha? ? You sure? ? ? Geeve again a leesten—
Wait, I'll come—oxcuse me.”

* * * * *

“I tink wot is ronning by me de wotter in de
room.”

* * * * *

“Oxcuse me. Is time now I should take mine
townic! ! !”

* * * * *

“Who? ? Me you weesh by de talaphun! ! ! !”

* * * * *

“Doe, dot you, baba?” (SMACK).

* * * * *

“Didn't I hoid it jost now reenging de bell for
deener—? ?”

* * * * *

Psst—psst! ! ! Boitrem. Boi—yi yi yi—who
mate you de blotty nose? ? Hm, dey hall stotting
hopp witt mine Boitrem! ! ! !”

XXI

ISIDORE DEWELOPS AN HAXTRAHORDINERRY,

HEPPETITE FOR BILK

Isidore—Bobba, kid I have adother glass of bilk?

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Hm—Wot a quashton. Of cuss, mine dollink. Go take in de hicebox. Hm—sotch a nowelty, Meesus Yifnif!! In hall mine life deed you aver saw befurr it should hesk mine Isidore a gless meelk!!! Is pure witt seemple haxtra-hordinerry!

Mrs. Yifnif—Hm—I weesh wot by mine Mutti-mer odder mine Movvin it should dewelop gredually sotch a wogue dey should dreenk meelk. Hm—a dollink boy!!! Hm—geeve a leesten, Meesus Mit-zik. Isidore dreenks meelk!!!!

Mrs. Mitzik—Yi yi yi yi—meelk!!! Hm-mmmmm—is seemply gudgeous!!!! Oohoo, Meesus Klepner!!! You deedn't hoid de noose!!! It dreenks Isidore meelk!!!

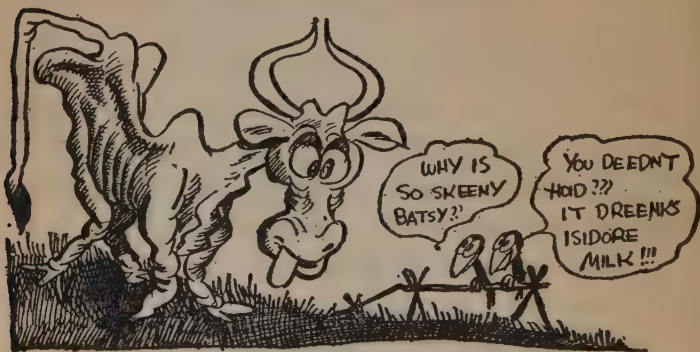
Mrs. Klepner—Meelk he dreenks. Hm!!! From de own wolition he dreenks meelk!!!! Yi

yi yi—You hear, Oiving, ha? ? Hm—is woiht hall de money sotch a chilte! ! ! !

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Hm—I couldn't cownprihand mineself! ! ! !

Isidore—Bobba, kid I have adother glass of bilk? ?

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Of cuss, dollink! !



Mrs. Mitzik—Hm—a swittness from a chilte! ! You'll see he'll grow opp he should hev beeg strung muzzles! ! !

Mrs. Yifnif—Is motch murr beneficiary ez suddawodder odder salary townic! ! ! !

Mrs. Klepner—Hm—mine Horvey you got to drife him witt a timm husses he should dreenk a gless meelk! ! ! Is woister like by de baby to take kestor hoil! ! ! Noo, pippel, so wot'll gonna be idder pinnacle odder breedge? ? ?

Mrs. Yifnif—So lats it should be breedge. So who'll gonna be by who de pottners? ? ? Who? ? Me witt de Meesus Mitzik? ? ? Ho K, is agribble by me. Noo geeve a shovel de cods witt a dill, plizze.

* * * * *

Mr. Feitlebaum—Noo, noo, goot evening, pipple! ! ! You playing yat cods? ? Whooy—is hot in de ceety. Dun't esk! ! Noo, meesus, so where is de goot for notting witt de dope we should hev gredually sopper, ha? ?

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Hm—is a dollink boy Isidore! ! !

Mr. Feitlebaum—A dollink boy, alrady? ? ? Is boddering you maybe de hitt, ha? ?

Mrs. Yifnif—Hm—wait yat! ! ! You deedn't hoid! ! ! So inforum heem de noose. So—yi yi yi—wot's dees, is coming a kraut pipple! ! Yi yi yi—geeve a look, Isidore! ! !

Voice—Feitlebaum! ! ! ! !

Mr. Feitlebaum—So is wot? ? ?

Voice—Zis your son? ?

Mr. Feitlebaum—So wot's you beezness! ! !

Voice—A dollar an' quawder fer de can o' milk! ! ! ! !

Chorus— { Meelk!!!
 Meelk???
 Meelk!!!???

Mr. Feitlebaum—A wot???

Voice—You hoid me!!! Milk!—m-i-l-k—
 Milk!! From contented cows!!! A buck an' a
 quawder fer d' can o' milk yer son rooned on me!!!



Mr. Feitlebaum—Mine son? By—you—rooynd
 —meelk??? Wot he wants by you witt de
 meelk??

Voice—Soich me, mister. All I know is I look
 outside me store an' I ketch diss ting tryin' to take
 a bath in me can o' milk!!! Maybe he tinks he's

Anna Held. He sez sumpin about a guy tellin' him
milk takes tattoo marks off!! You ast him——

Mr. Feitlebaum—Yi yi yi!! TETTOONG!!!!



(SMACK!!!) Take hout from behind de beck de harm, meester (SMACK). Tettoong you got tet-toood hon de harm, ha (SMACK). Tricks I nidd in de houze, ha (SMACK). Deed I was tettood, ha?? (SMACK.) Deed mine fodder was tettood, ha??? (SMACK.) Henkors you nidd on de harm, ha!!! (SMACK.) Witt higgles yat, ha? (SMACK.) I'll geeve you a tettoong!!! I'll——

Looy—'Lo, folks! Wot's up? Wot—he swiped bottles of milk—an'???? He—wot—in front of de grocery store!!! Tryin' to rub off a tattoo—in'??? Hey, you got a noive, you have, kid! After me spendin' all mornin' puttin' dat ting on yer arm, you go to woik an' you——

BOOM!!!!

BANG!!!!

CRASH!!!!

Mr. Feitlebaum—I'll geeve heem, dot dope!!! A tettoor he became!!! I'll make heem for a creeple!!! (BAM!!!! BANG!!!) I'll——

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Mowriss!!!!

Looy—'At's all—at settles it—I'm troo witt dis joint! Old man or no old man, 'at's all! He can't heave no rockin'-chair at me!! I don't hafta stand fer 'at' stuff y'know! I kin git a room!!

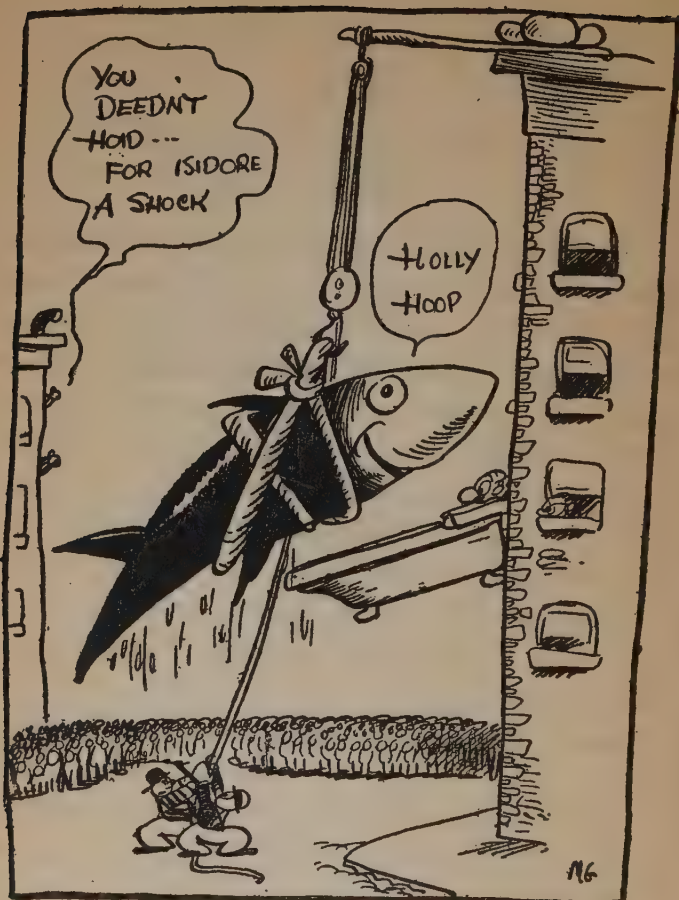
XXII

IT GEEVES GREДУALLY FROM DE SISSHORE A DIP-
POTURE DE GASTS

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Yi yi yi—It comes de goyng away. I'm so axcited—Yi yi—Meesus Shain-gold!!! Goot pye!! Goot pye!! You got by oss de hedress?? Goot pye, Meesus Noshkis!! Goot pye, Gloria dollink—we'll sand you de shnepshots. Meesus Mitzic—goot pye!! Mine riggods de loyer! Goot pye!!—de bast from helt—Goot pye, Meesus Yifnif!!!—Yeh—yeh—We'll hev gredually de-weloped de shnep-shots—so we'll sand you—Yi yi yi—Isidore—take care goot de shnepshots!!! Goot pye, Meesus Moskoweitz!!! Goot pye—goot pye!!!

Isidore—Baba—will you carry by surf board for be?

Mr. Feitlebaum—(SMACK)—A lumberjacket I bicame alrady, ha? (SMACK.) Soif budds I nidd it yat in de houze!! (SMACK.) Why you dun't want maybe (SMACK) I should kerry you home from a still bim from a beelding a goiter, ha?



(SMACK) it should stay in de pollar!! A copple shocks I should breeng home maybe (SMACK) dey should sweem in de battob, ha? (SMACK) witt a stoffeesh witt a clamp-shall yat it should cutt me opp de fitt, ha? (SMACK)—To-morrow you'll go by Bronx Pock so you'll breeng me by de houze a sublogical goddens maybe (SMACK).

Looy—Ha ha—dat ting is a menagrie enough as is!!—Don't worry, Pop—he'd have a tough time gittin' outa de Zoo himself—wunst he got in!! You'd hafta show dem his boit sittiffikit!!! Ha ha!!—'at's a hot one!! Isidore Feitlebaum, Born———(see next week's Red Magic for reason why) Eyes——crossed. Hot and cold running nose!! And answers to de name of Fido!!—ha ha ha!!

Mr. Feitlebaum—AHA!! is here alrady de dope!! So why you dun't keesing goot pye de goot-for-notting frands you should livv de hedress dey should weesit you by de pull-room—odder de lonch weggon, odder de chop-sooy, odder a poliss station—from de ceety, ha? Mmmmmmm!!!

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Hmm—Goot pye, Meesus Noftolis—We'll sand you de shnep-shots!!—You'll geeve oss gredually a look up in de ceety.

Mrs. Noftolis—Hmm—of cuss, mine hosb——de doctor ushual presumes we should spand de weenter

by Lake Plecid—he enjoins it extrimmingly dere de weenter-sputts witt de tobargaining! ! !—Boit—Boitrem! ! Is dees nize you should make witt de ruller-skates in de lippy? Boitrem—modder is prowoked—BOITREM! !—Comm, Boitrem! !—Say goot pye de pipple like it titches you in de priwate school on Reewersite Drife de tooter! !—BOITREM! ! Is dees nize you should make witt de feenger to de noze? Modder is waxed, Boitrem! ! Oohoo! !—Trockman—Trockman! ! So is here de hedress you'll go by de Reetz Hotal—bot foist you'll *stop plizze by dees hedress*.

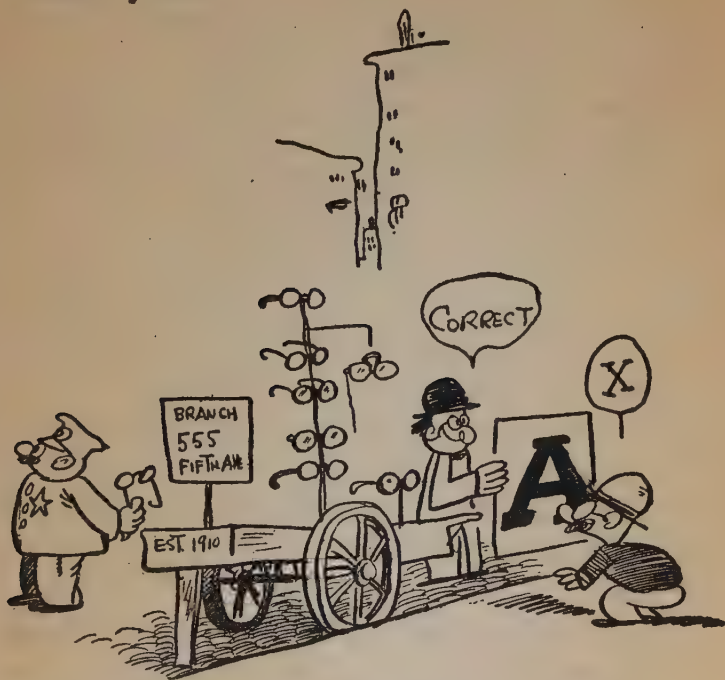
Taxi Driver—Wot's diss? ? Seward? ? Seward Park Sout? ? Where's datt? ?

Looy—Haha—ha—Seward Park Sout! !—Before de war—jus' plain Essex Street!—Ha ha—Tree push carts up from de station!

Mrs. Noftolis—Hmmmm—Hm—aham—Yas—you see it hez dere mine son-in-law, Spancer Goldboig, de hoptomitreest, de huffice—Of cuss—he dun't leeving dere—he recites by Lung Highland—he jost kipping dere de huffice in de slumps it should halp de poorish pipple—

Looy—Yeah—Big-hearted Spencer—Dat glazier! ! !—Sellin' de Ginnys watch crystals fer specs! ! !—Makes Paul Revere look like de Four

Horsemen! !—Between dat guy's goggle and de hootch dere peddlin' now—I could clean up in de pencil an' tin cup racket! !—Ha ha—him—a op-tishan—He usta paint black eyes in a Sand Street tatooin' joint!!



Mrs. Feitlebaum—Looy—Looy! !—SH——

Mrs. Noftolis—So you'll drop oss a line by Franch Leek Sprengs, Hindiena!—So——BOIT-REM!!! Geeve beck de leedle boy de hall day

socker—Modder is hedgitated, Boitrem. Why you should take de leedle boy's hall day socker? You got home all de imputted chucklitts kendy! !—Hm——from who he takes efter? ? Is a meestery——

Looy—Ha ha! !—Wait till dey start countin' de towels in her room, it won't be no mystery! !

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Looy——Looy,—geeve batter a halp de poppa witt de walisses! !

Isidore—Ba—ba—Cad I sit id the frodt with the driver? ?

Mr. Feitlebaum—(SMACK) A shuffer you should be, ha? (SMACK.) Watch batter in de beck de beggidge wot I holding you reliable for it! !

Mrs. Feitlebaum—We'll sand you de shnepshots! !—Goot pye! !

Chorus—Goot pye! !——Goot pye! !

Goot pye——Goot pye!

Goot pye——de bast from halt——

Goot pye——witt lots from lock! !

HORREWAR! !——

S'lonk—Goot pye! !—Mozzletoff! ! Rimamber me de family!

Goot pye! !—Riggods——Goot pye! !

Looy—Goot pye! !—See yez in de funny paper! !
Goot pye! !—

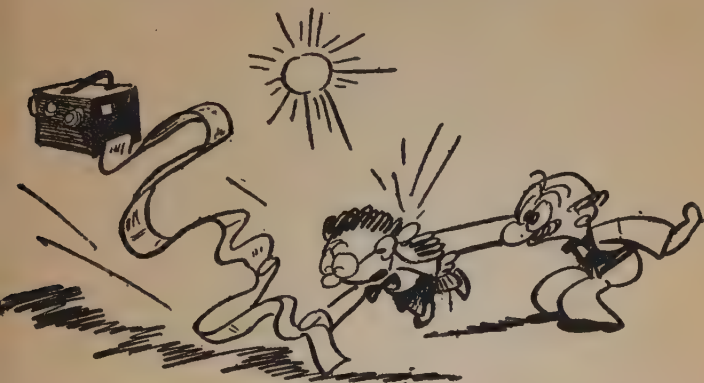
HONK HONK

Brrrrrrrummp!!!

Taxi Driver—STUCK! Everybody out!!

Isidore—Look, Baba——

Mrs. Feitlebaum—YI Yi yi yi—De shnep-shots
feelms he took hout in de sonshine—YI yi yi yi——



Mr. Feitlebaum—(SMACK!!!)—De feelms—
you rooynd, ha? De feeee-eelms!!——
(SMACK)

Looy—Well, he sure killed a lotta laffs dat
time!! (SMACK)

Mrs. Feitlebaum—Mowriss—not in de head!!—
(Honk—honk)
S'lonk!!

FOUR
NIZE BABY

IV

NIZE BABY

XXIII

A GRICK MITT FROM CUPIT WITT SYKEE

Oohoo, nize baby, itt opp all de Brossell sprots, so momma'll gonna tell you a Grick Mitt from Cupit witt Sykee.

Cupit was a son from Winnus, alias Hephrodite, wot she was in Griss de gottess wot she won dere de whole time beauty countasts. So was ulso dere hall kinds deeference gotts witt goddesses witt deitizz—in fect, was more from dem as was dere muttals wot was by dem Baccuss wot he was de Gott from Wheesky witt beer witt light wines yat——ulso Wolcon wot he was by Mont Oleempus de weelage blecksmeet witt—Jupeeter, alias Zeus, wot he was de furrman wot he was in chodge from hall de rast from dem——witt de Meesus Jupeeter—honly instat she should be entitled Meesus Jupeeter, so irrigoddless from de fect wot it deedn't was dere a

Loosy Stun Ligg—so she ritained gredually de maiden name annahoe wot it was Juno.

(Nize baby, take itt opp annoder Brossell sprott.)

So Juno hed chodge from de Dippottament from Merridge Licenses witt boits. Of cuss, she deedn't rilly hed to woik—was jost a wheem dem days from de sossiety pipple wot it kapt de meesus on de site idder a beauty pollar odder a Tirroom odder a Entikk shop.

So wan day she was in de huffice geeving a look de reputts from boidays so it flew in de Stuck—so she sad so:

“Noo, Stuck, so is born gredually somebody dot I know?”

So de Stuck replite so: “Hm, you know de keed witt de bow witt de harrow wot he poses by de St. Welentine Day cods?”

So she sad: “You minn Cupit?”

So he sad: “Notting helse bott! !—I brutt heem yasterday he should be by Winnus a son.”

So Juno sad: “Yi Yi YI YI—Wait teel it hears Jupeeter from dees! ! Goot nite! !”

So de Stuck sad: “Say! ! Wot for I was hired here, ha? If Jupeeter dun't like de kind babizz I breenging he could hire annodder stuck! !—I'm troo——! !—Besites, I got annahoe a batter uffer

from de Hold Woman wot she leeves in a Shoe I should be by her de priwate stuck! !”

So Juno sad: “No—No——we poifictly setisfied witt you here—in fect, you could hev Toisday hefternoon huff. . . . Bot——you know—Cupit is



'de Got from Luff——und is alrady scendels wot it's gung on all kinds nacking witt patting poddies oc-curding de Mont Oleempus Budd from Wice witt Refurm. . . .”

POT TWO

So irregodless it was born Cupit.—So he was romping wan day in de woots so he saw dere a beeg,

beeg snake wot it was jost abbott to dewower a rebbit. So he took from de queever a harrow wot he pushed it in de bow wot he shot witt de harrow



de snake.—So instat it should keel de snake so de naxt day was in de Poto Saction so:

SNAKE ADOPTS REBBIT

Bleesful sinn from luff

So Cupid sad: "Wot's dees?? Geeve a look!!

Ho, Boy——me for de Merridge Broker recket——
WHOOY! !”

POT TREE

So beezness was werry breesk wot it was rispown-
sible Cupit for a whole lot from metches—like
Rummeo witt Jooliat—Hentony witt Clippettra—
Bronning witt Pitches Hinnan, end so futt. So wan
day it sant for heem Winnus; so he came in so he
sad:

“Hollo, Momma!”

“Hollo, Dollink!”

“Wot is, Momma?”

“I weesh you should make it a metch betwinn a
hogly, hummly, mounstrous ront wot he should be
like Lon Chaney yat—end a coitan frash yong hop-
stott from a high hettish flepper wot she teenks wot
she’s got me yat stopped. . . .”

“So wot’s by her de name, Momma?”

“Sykee, Dollink.”

“Ho K, Momma, is agribble by me!”

“Denks, Dollink!”

“Goot pye, Momma. . . . Say, by de way, when
you heving feexed dot statue wot it’s a disgrace wot
it’s brukken huff de harms? ?”

"Anny day now, Dollink. Goot pye."

POT FURR

So was riting on de Sobway Cupit so it came in a beautiful demzel wot he stoot opp wot he sad:

"Take plizze mine sitt, mees."

So she sad: "No, denks."

So he sad: "Ho, bot I inseest. . . ."

So she sad: "Hect you hage, kirro!" Wot she gave heem a push beck in de sitt wot it was steecking opp dere one from de Harrows wot he gave a seet don gredually on de harrow.

So witt a hower later it came roshing in Moicury to Winnus witt a night latter wot it sad so:

"DEAR MOMMA JUST MERRIED OX-
CUSE OSS LUFF WITT KEESES

CUPIT WITT SYKEE
BRIDAL SOOT HOTEL REETZ ETLENTIC
CEETY."

(Hm, soth a dollink baby—ate opp hall de Brossel sprots.)



XXIV

FERRY TALE FROM ELLI BEBEH WITT DE FORTY TIFFS

Oohoo, nize baby, itt opp all de ottichucks, so momma'll gonna tell you a Ferry Tale from Elli Bebeh witt de Forty Tiffs. Wance oppon a time was a werry, werry poor woot-cotter from de name from Elli Bebeh. So wan day he was cotting in de woots witt a haxe de trizz so it came all from a sodden alunk Forty Tiffs wot itch tiff was riting on a huss, hussbeck. So he queeck concilled himself in a tree he should see wot'll be!

So de lidder from de tiffs jomped huff gredually from de huss wot he stoot in de front from a mountain—wot he gave a hexclamation: "Uppen Siz-zem!" So it uppened opp in de montain a hentrance wot de whole eggrawation from tiffs dey went insite. In de minntime Elli Bebeh took in shut-hend nuts from de hentire prociddings. (Nize baby, take an-nodder piece ottichuck.)

POT TWO

So he tutt: "Goot nite!! Noo, so who knows how long dem bums dey'll gonna rimmain insite, wot I should seet maybe a whole night in de tree it should fly me yat in de faze a bet, odder a howl, odder a wizzle maybe should stott opp witt me, ha? So jost in dees mumment it came hout from de montain de tiffs wot de lidder gave a hexclamation: "Close Sizzem!" So it closed opp de montain, wot de Forty Tiffs dippotted.

So Elli Bebeh dissented queeck from de tree wot he ottered likewise: "Uppen Sizzem!" wot it compiled de montain witt de riquast, so it uppened opp de hentrance wot he hentered. So dun't esk!!!! Mmm-mmm—you should see wot it was hipped opp dere hipps from gold, witt silver, witt jools, witt prashiss stuns—!!!—Sotch a assuttment—!!!—Hm-m-mmmm-mmm! Was seemply dezzling wot it made heem de heyas dey should bleenk!! So he feeled opp queeck a besket from gold wot he dippotted extrimmingly jubilious!!!!

POT TREE

So he arrifed in de houze so he sad to Meesus Bebeh: "Go queeck by mine brodder you should

borrow a masher, I should masher de gold how motch it's here." So Meesus Bebeh went by de brodder wot he was a werry reech witt griddy witt a apparitious critchure, so she made nun de weeshes. So de brodder, dot crefty snick wot he was, so he silloquiced so: "Hm, sotch a pupper wot he is, so wot could it be wot he's got wot he nidds yat a masher he should masher it? ? I tink wot I'll gonna cocknoct a skim." So he made witt griss de bottom from de masher it should be grizzly. So Meesus Bebeh retained de fowling day de masher, so was steeking dere a piece from gold!

Yi, yi yi yi yi—so dun't esk! ! ! You should see wot dot griddy micer was terring de herr from hanger witt rache witt ennui. So he ren queeck by Elli Bebeh wot he gritted heem so:

"Hm! Goot monnink! ! Movellous wedder we hevving, ha? Look a gudgeous sonshine! ! ! Mmm-mm—Jost like GOLD! ! ! Heh-heh! . . . Mm! By de way, I saw lest night Cholleh Cheplin . . . Lat's see, wot was . . .—hm . . . mm . . . oh, yas, de GOLD Rosh! ! Yeh, yeh, of cuss! ! Heh, heh! heh! ! ! Wal! Wal! ! . . . So it guzz! ! ! . . . Iss a funny woild . . . GOLD feesh, witt GOLDen Rots, witt GOLDsteins! ! ! . . . Ho hom! ! Sotch is life! Annodder toity



years'll be alrady de GOLDen wadding!!! Yeh, Yeh-yeh!! Silver trads among de——. . . . Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha——Noo, Dope!!! De jeeg's opp, NO?? Holding hout on you huncle, ha?? You tutt you'll gonna sleep one over maybe, no?? So I was precticing dees monnink de typewriter so accidentally it came out a leedle nut. Hm, warry hinteresting, a quirr co-innocence!!!! Wait, yat, so I'll ridd it:

“Feeftin feefty fife Feeft Hevenue,
“Jenwerry Seextint.

“Collacter from Eternal Ravenue,
(Hm!—you gatting pale, ha??) (Wait yat)
“Costume Houze,
“Begded, Harabia—

“Dear Sorr:

“Is a conseederable sauce from perplexion by me how is, wot a goot-for-notting pupper wot he's don witt hout wot he penhandles me yat I should pay heem de rant so, is by heem de gold like potatiss, odder grin-pizz, odder bolly, odder hoats, wot he mashers it yat witt a masher—so for foider inflamation you'll inquire by Meester Elli Bebeh, Furtinn toity-fife Pitkin Hevenue.

“Werry trooly yours,

“(Signed) UNANIMOUS.”

"Noo, dope, so queeck witt de sickritt——odder I'LL—ha? Wot? . . . Ripitt it plizze . . . Yeh . . . yeh . . . De Begded Hevenuse trolley. . . . Yeh——yeh, transer in Mecca Stritt. . . . Yeh,—to de right . . . by de Rog Fectory. . . . Yeh . . . yeh, pess de Gobbidge Domp. Aha, feef-tin pazes from de feeg tree, yeh. . . . Wot? ? ? Uppen? ? . . . Uppen, WOT? . . . Uppen Sizzen? ? ? ? ! ! ! GENGWAY! !"

POT FURR

So dot salfish micer, wot he was, so he roshed queeck home wot he grebbed all kinds begs witt secks witt beskets witt potches witt greeps witt setchels witt walisses witt tronks, witt all kinds from respectable, wot he ren to de montain. So while he was ronning witt a block away he gave a yell "Uppen Sizzem!" he shouldn't loose time, dot micer, wot wittout a stop he ren straight in de mountain—wot it heppened so wot it was insite all de tiffs.

So dey gave a look opp wot it's standing dere in de front from dem de micer poffing witt penting witt hout from bratt. So dey sad, "Wal, wal—look hooz here! Welkin, Stranger! !—heh, heh! . . . Wait a meenit, wot's by you de rosh? ? ! ! Parron me a secunt! ! CLOSE SIZZEM! ! Wal, wal—geeve

a look! Is Senteh Cluss himself, witt de begs. Heh, heh—WOT? ? Ha? ? ? No, is nobody here from de name Ginsboig! ! ! Dees is de Hatquodders from de Harlem Cot-Opps Assussiation, Kirro! ! Wot? ? You dun't weesh wot you should rimmain longer? ? So we'll gonna oblige you wot we'll make you witt a head shutter—HA ha!—Ha HA, Heh!" So dey took de suds wot dey cot heem huff de had.

(Hm! Sotch a dollink baby, ate opp all de otti-chucks.)



XXV

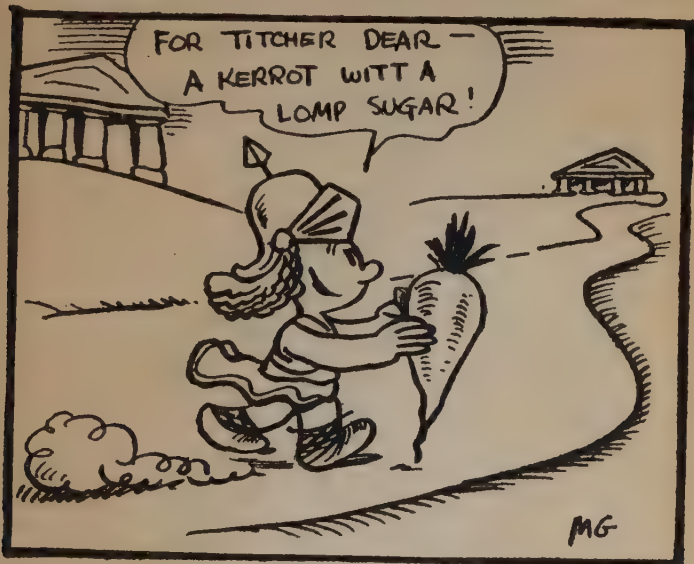
GRICK MITT FROM JASON WITT DE GOLDEN FLEAS

Oohoo, nize baby, itt opp all de putched aggs witt tust, so momma'll gonna tell you a Grick Mitt



from Jason witt de Golden Fleas. Wance oppon a time was a Keeng from de Keengdom from Griss wot he hed it a son from de name from Jason. So

it grew opp gredually Jason wot de Keeng decited wot he'll gonna sand heem he should take in a school a cuss by a schoolmester wot he wos a Senator. So dees Senator was a picooler sudd from a indiuidjil



wot on de top he was a human bing, witt heyes witt hears witt harms, und on de bottom he was a huss, witt hoofs. (Nize baby, take annoder pease tust.)

POT TWO

So bitwinn de minntime, it deweloped in de Keengdom warious sudds from intricking wot de

Keeng b'came gradually detroned wot he was fussed he should edbicate de cron! !—mmmmm— So dun't esk—So it arrifed in de school de greduation axercises—wot de Senator sad to Jason.



"Noo, Meester, you already a yong man from toittinn years, so wot'll gonna be from you?"

So Jason gave heem a henswer so: "It jeeped from mine fodder a crook de trone. So I hereby make a wow wot I'll gonna rewench dees wrungdoong! ! ! !—Goot-pye! !"

POT TREE

So Jason was rumming alung on de rote wot he arrifed gredually on de bindery line from de Keengdom wot it gritted heem a sign wot it sad so:



CEETY FROM GRISS

Drife slow, so you'll gonna see our Ceety—
Drife fest—so you'll gonna see de hoose-cow.
So de whole Keengdom was mopped opp witt a
kraut pipple wot de appeerance from Jason crated

conseedral commution on account from de strange gob wot he was wearing wheech was tutally dee-frence from de prewailing mote. So dey sad, "Hm, Welkin, stranger! ! ! To where do you going? ?"



So Jason said: "Hm,—weech wan from you is de Keeng?" So it gave heem a henswer a woice wot it sad, "Is me!" So Jason sad, "Wal, wal! ! !—Et lest! !—Noo, Kirro, I got witt you to peeck a bun. . . . Hm—wot?—mine name? ?—So here is mine cod!—Yeh—Jason—! ! !—Hm, you

gattung pale, ha? So hend batter over de cron witt de spectre und geeve a call opp de Hex-Kaiser he should make you in Holland a razzavation! !—”

So de Keeng, dot weecket critchure wot he was,



so he commanced to tramble like a aspirin liff, wot he was sheevering like witt de hague! !—So in hor-der he should concill de rill fillings—he should in-wiggle in Jason in a skim, so he sad in a werry sub-tile woice, “Hm, mine dear gentleman!—Dees is a must extrimmingly jubillious hoccasion, wittott a

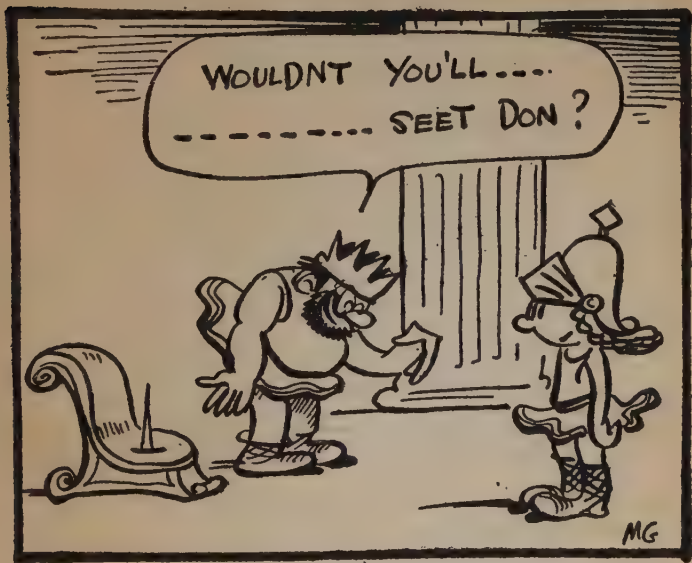
dot!—So come by me in de priwate huffice, so we'll gonna disgust de metter! !"

So in de huffice de Keeng, dot skimming snick wot he was, so he sad—"Jost soppose, Jason,—of cuss,



dees is honly a soppository quastion—Heh, heh—jost soppose wot you a Keeng! So it comes alung a dope wot he tinks he could take you away de cron—bot instat you could geeve a horder it should be by heem cot huff de fullish head witt a haxe!—So, wot you would do?" So Jason gave heem a henswer wot

he sad so: "I would be a sputt wot I would make heem a preposition so if he should go hout he should ketch me de Golden Fleas—so den I would ebdicate de trone!"



So de Keeng sad: "HO K.—dope, is agribble by me! !"—So Jason dippotted wot de Keeng, dot rescel, chockled to heemsalf so: "Ha ha, if he'll come hout alife witt de Golden Fleas, so'll Jeck Dempseh gonna fight witt Herry Weels! !—"

POT FURR

So Jason went by a sheepbuilder by de name from Hargus, wot he gave in a horder he should beeld



heem a sheep it should be called a gellery—so he put in a had in de paper wot it sad so:

HALP WANTED

Adwenturers

Feefty yong men wanted—should be able to row a gellery. State axpeerence, fighting witt dregons,

witt mounsters—ulso hage, height, witt rich. Must foinish own spirrs witt shilds—ulso one hoppist, he should play a hop. No fur-floshers nidd epply.



Epply witt rafrances, 9 Hay Hem shop, in de Pelece raddy to woik. Hesk for Meester Jason.

POT FIFE

So it sat sail de gellery witt de whole tripe from worriers wot it was playing de hoppist on de hop all kinds from switt maladies. So it arrifed in de

Lend from de Golden Fleas wot it was godding de fleas a tarrible dregon—witt horns witt cluzz—witt teet witt a beeg shop tongue wot it was like a fork.

So Jason sad:—"Hm—look a tongue like a fork

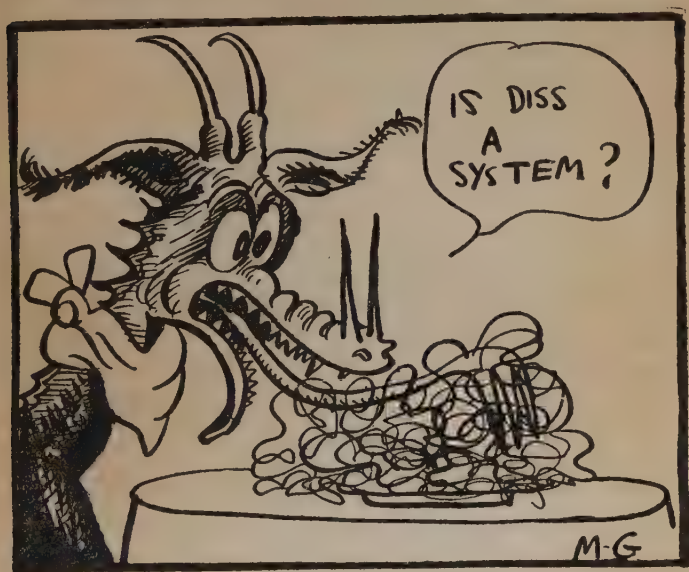


wot he itts opp pippel like dey should be patatis.—
So wot I should do?" So he concivved a tutt wot
he pushed in de front from de dregon a beeg, beeg
plate from spaggaty wot de dregon, dot dope, he
pushed in de tongue wot it bicaame hall tengled opp
de spagatty so bitwinn de minntime it roshed in

Jason wot he grebbed de Golden Fleas wot he ren away.

POT SEEX

So it came beck Jason witt de Golden Fleas wot de Keeng was pure witt seemple dumfondled—wot he ebdicated de trone wot Jason witt de Keeng's



dudder gredually got merried so by de wadding Jason wore de Golden Fleas und de brite wore a byootiful torso.

(Hm, sotcha dollink baby, ate opp all de putched aggs witt tust! !—)

XXVI

DE SMOT BILLY-GUTT

Oohoo, nize baby, itt opp all de spagatty, so momma'll gonna tell you a sturry from de smot Billy-Gutt. Wance oppon a time was a Billy-Gutt



wot he was werry werry smot witt shroot. So wan day he was wukking along in de woots, so he came hall from a sodden faze to faze witt a furushiss lion! So you could imegine wot it was a werry teeklish pridictament—espashilly wot he nutticed wot de lion deedn't was in a werry chiffull frame from mind. So he sad to himself: "Hm! a fine peeckle you in, Billy. Shoppen batter de weets und

use a leedle stragedy—(Nize baby, take annodder spoon spagatty).

POT TWO

So he sad hout lout, "Wal wal wal! ! ! Geeve a look. Dees is coitinly mine locky day! ! Ho ha ha, wal wal! Hood hev tutt it? It sems wot I'm werry futtchinitt indidd! !" So de lion sad, "Wot's dees? Look a crazy gutt wot I'm gonna itt heem opp so he's heppy witt glifful yat! YOU'RE locky, dope? ? I'm locky! !" So de gutt sad, "I bag you parron; de plasure is hall mine." So de lion sad, "Stop batter dreenking dot chip hootch und pripare youself wot I'm gonna have a mill." So de gutt sad, "Of cuss I'm locky! You may be hunaware from de fect wot I'm Pincus de great lion honter? Yeh yeh! Of cuss, is a leedle doll dees wick beeznizz wot I keeled so far honly fur lions. So you'll gonna be de feeft. Hm! You gatting pale, ha? So lookout kirro, here I come, RrRrRrRr!" So de lion dot dope he toined arond wot he flad in a pancake.

POT TREE

So he was poffing witt penting witt hout from bratt, so it came along a Jeckel wot de lion explained to heem de hull ting. So de jeckel sad, "Ha

ha ha! Bonum was right!!! Oxcuse me plizze wot I'm leffing, HA HA HA! bot he couldn't keel ivvin two flizz, dot reeckity hold gutt! Come we'll gonna ketch heem——"

POT FUR

So de gutt was junting marrily along, so he gave a look beck so he saw wot it was coming de lion witt de jeckel, so he said: "Aha!! Meester Bottinsky, he hed to speel me de binns, ha? Wait, I'll feex heem!" So he toined queeck arond wot he said: "Noo, Meester Jeckel! Wot's dees? You got witt me a countract wot it seepolates wot you should decoy me itch day at list tree lions, I should keel dem, so you breengin me only wan!! Wot he's skeeny witt mangy, witt hoddening from de hot-teries, yat witt gull-stuns who knows? Is diss a system? So you fired!!"

So de lion gave a look on de jeckel wot he was trambling witt shaking like a aspirin liff, so he sad, "Hm! Dobble-crussing beezness, ha?" So he ate heem opp. (Hm! Sotch a dollink baby, feenished all de spagatty.)



XXVII

FERRY-TAIL FROM KYRILLO DE DREGON

Oohoo, Nize Baby, itt opp all de bren flakes, so momma'll gonna tell you a Ferry-tail from de sturry-book Skazki.

Wonce oppon witt a time was leeving in a willage a tenner wot he tenned in a tennery hites! So dees tenner was entitled Kyrilo! !—So a whole time he would wubble suns so:

“In mine montain tennery
I seeng like a kennery
Boid—Twittwitt—Twittwitt
Geeve a leesten! !”

(Nize Baby, take anodder spoon bren flakes.) So everyting was gung along smoot witt Ho K. So wan day apprutched de willage a firrushus Dregon! ! So de Budd from Haldermen gritted heem, wot dey sad so:

“Wot you weesh, plizze? ?”

So it gave de Dregon a snurt wot he respounded

so: "Hm! I weesh itch wick wot I should take from de willage a ferr demzel! !"

So de Budd from Halderman sad: "Yi!yi!yi! yi! ! ! De dudders? ? ! !—Heh heh heh—Hozz abbott you should take instat batter de wifes! !—No? ?"

So de Dregon sad so: "Rilly! Is dees a fect? ? ! !—So I tink wot'll gonna be gredually in fife meenits de Budd—spleenters! ! (Hm—you gatting pale, ha?) So punny opp a assuttment fleppers! !—Ha? Wot? A blound! Nupp! !—Dre-gons priforring broonats! ! Ha, ha! Leff dees huff, ha!"

POT TWO

So itch wick he collacted gredually de instull-mants. So it came de toin wot it was de Preencess from de willage de naxt wan on de leest. . . . So he sad:

"Yi yi yi! !—De Preencess! ! Some peep keed! ! I'm gatting wick in de knizz! !—HO BOY! !—Bleck Bottom!—de new Cholston! ! Woops mine dirr! !—Sand in mine bobber he should geeve me a shafe ulso I tink wot I'll hev maybe de tail bopped witt a mod-peck yat in de faze! !—By Jeeminy creckers—by hack! ! !"



So he was hoshered in in de Pelece wot he was rikking witt poifume wot it was seeting dere in a room de Preencess witt de Grenmodder!! So it hensood a werry touching sinn so:

Dregon: "Wot, mine dirr!!—Tirrs by you on de wadding monnink??? Heh—heh—heh!!"

Demzel: "Do witt me wot you'll gonna do, foll wratch, bot dun't you dare you should toching mine hold grenmodder!"

Grenmodder: "Somebody hesked you? Mind you own beezness!!!"

So de Dregon gave a hexclamation "Phooy"—wot he ren away witt de Preencess.






POT TREE

So de grenmodder sad: "I'll feex by heem de beezness!!"

So she roshed queeck by Kyrilo de tenner in de tennery wot she bagged witt plidded witt cuxxed witt bisitched heem wot Kyrilo yilded to de entritizz wot he should fight de Dregon he should rascue de Preencess.

So was strulling don de stritt de Dregon wot it came alung Kyrilo wot he gave a bomp witt de hel-bow de Dregon in de faze wot it made de Dregon he should see stozz!!

So de Dregon sad: "Hm, I bag parron! !—Deed I hoited you? ?"

So Kyrilo sad: "Geeve a leesten, dope! !—Whan you gung dees way , dun't you should looking dot way ,!! Look dees way , not dot way , whan you gung dees way !!! I tink wot I'll gonna take a pukk et you jost for lock! !"

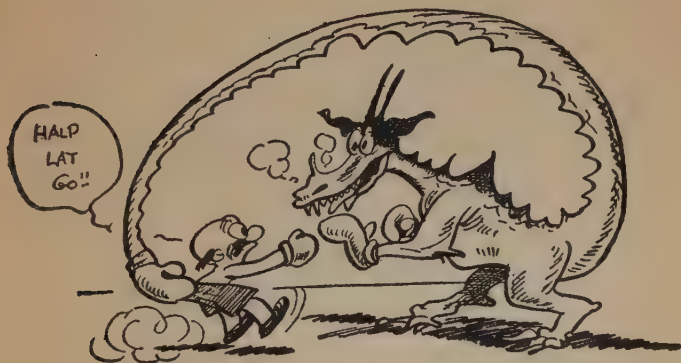
So it stotted opp a fight someting huffle, so:

Dregon lends laft jeb—Dregon lends hopper-cott—Dregon lends rught cruss—Dregon connects witt steef laft to cheen. Dregon jeb—docks—roshes—sweengs—lends! !—Rafree conts nine! ! Dregon hengs oppunnent on rups—Dregon shoots weecked jeb in reebbs—Dregon lends sullar-plaxus ponch—! !
HAND FROM ROND!

NAXT ROND! !—Dregon lends seex jeb! !—Dregon roshes oppunnent!—Dregon lends keedney ponch—Dregon lends rebit ponch—Dregon botts witt had—Dregon lends bite witt toot—Dregon lends keeck in sheens—Husshoo fulls hout from Dregon's gluff! !—Dregon lends peevot ponch! !—Dregon lends on upponent witt tail—Kyrilo appills to rafree—Rafree puts gluff on hend from tail—Dregon lends witt wodder bocked—Kyrilo sweengs on Dregon—Dregon keeses kenwess—Rafree conts:

“WAN—TWO—TREE—FURR — FIFE — and
fife is tan!! YOU HOUT!!—”

Kyrilo makes spitch so: “It was right sweeng in
de weeskers, Radio Fens!! I’ll be right home,



momma!!—Witt a wife!!—witt mine copy from
Shakespirr, yat!!”

(Hm! Sotch a dollink baby—ate opp hall de
bren flakes—)

Dregon comms to—saz: “I was dupped!”

XXVIII

STURRY FROM HURRATIO HALGER

Ooh-hoo, nize baby, itt opp all de stood pitches, so momma'll gonna tell you from Hurratio Halger a sturry, "Stroggling Hop" odder "Bound to Rice."

CHEPTER WAN

"Smesh by you de beggedge, sorr? . . . No? ? ? Ho K is aggribble by me. Bag parron, sorr. You dropped de pocketbook, sorr. So here is, sorr."

"Yi yi yi! Lend scapes alive!! So I deed!!! You a brafe strung nubble boy, mine led. I'll write to de Prasident from de railrote a letter wot all de pessengers wot you safed dem de life. Oh—heh heh—heh—oxcuse me—heh—heh—I'm gatting tweested de dates. It'll gonna be naxt wick de railrote wrack—lat's see—oh—of cuss—to be sure—it jost now peecked mine pocket a peeckpocket de pocketbook—so wot you cutt heem—so he dropped de pocketbook—so you ritoining it to me de pocketbook. Is no? ? Of cuss. Wal, you a brafe nubble

honest led, mine boy. So why you ritained de pocketbook? ?”

“Hm, mine momma tutt me halways—so: if it rons away a timm husses, so I should wait till it falls in de front from dem a hold man witt wheeskers witt a coppet-beg, so den I should geeve a greb de bridal. If it falls overbudd from de Fooltton Farry-butt witt golden hair a child wot she’s de benker’s dudder, I should geeve gradually a dife in de wodder, I should pull hout from de wodder de child, I should rull her on a berrell she should be rusticated. If it drops a gantleman a pocketbook I should peeck it opp I should say so: ‘Dun’t mansion it, sorr—I deed honly de dooty, sorr.’ Smesh by you de beggedge, sorr? ? Shine? Polish? Woild, Harrold, Prass, sor? ? Collar buttons, nacktize”——

“Wal wal—you a brafe strung hopright boy, mine led”——

“Oh, deddy—inwite heem he should come tomorrow he should hev deener.”

“Sh, sh—of cuss, mine dollink. So here is de cod, mine led, so witt a heff-hour befurr time you’ll wukk noivously opp witt don in de front from de bronstunn houze, so seex o’clock shop you’ll geeve gredually a reeng de bell.”



CHAPTER TWO

Socksass

“Yi yi yi! Geeve a look de cod, mamma.”

HEBBINIZZER THROCKMUTTON

Benker

Medicine Avenue

“Hm, so wot I should wear? De nittly prassed but wal-worn twidd coat witt de blue patches, odder de clinn witt tradbare bruddclutt pants witt de wel-wet sitt in de beck?”

“Hm, mine boy, if you fodder was honly alife you should esk heem. Yi yi yi! Sotch a goot waiter wot he was befurr he got it wodder on de thumb—Hmmmm-mm! Goot night—und rimamber, mine boy, you’ll heng opp de coat in de hall so whan it robs by de benker de goot-for-notting naffew de safe so he should be hable he should put by you in de pocket de hempty wallet.”

CHEPTER TREE

De Tonn Bully Mitts Our Hirro

“Hm, hollo, stoopit! To where do you going hall drassed hopp, ha? (SMACK.) So here is a keeck in de sheens—ha ha (SMACK)! So how it strikes you dees, ha (BANG)? Wal, wal—you hoid maybe from de latest fed wot it’s in Peris mod-batts—ha? So take a flop (PLOP) in de mod-gotter—(SPLASH). Wal wal—Yi yi yi yi! Be a leedle careful where I jomp. (BOOM.) Oop! Wot for you broke mine bazeball bet witt de noze, ha?”

So it gave our hirro a flosch de chicks, witt a greet de teet, with a clanch de feests, witt a rull opp de slivve, wot he sad: “Dun’t go too far, you wolgar critchur.”

CHEPTER FURR

By de Benker in de Mension

R-R-R—r-r-reeng! Knock knock!!!

“Clirr hout from here, you yong wheeper-snepper. We dun’t nidding anny chimney-swipps.”

“Jost a minnit, Watkeens. Dot’s de yong men wot he dregged away from me de med dug—oh—heh heh—oxcuse me was day befurr yesterday de

med dug—lats see. You cutt maybe sinkle-headed de two keedneppers—hem—so—wot was—oh—yas yas—of cuss—de wallet—yeh heh, come in.”

“Wal, you on time, yong men—ha? So mitt mine son Muttimer. Come, Muttimer, mine boy, geeve a sneef with a snirr witt a contamptuous snoll, und riffuse you should shake hends witt a yong hoppstott from de gotter. So you’ll oxcuse youself wot you got a date you should gemble witt codshops dey should inwiggle you in you should fudge by me de name on de chacks. Is no? Goot nite, mine son.

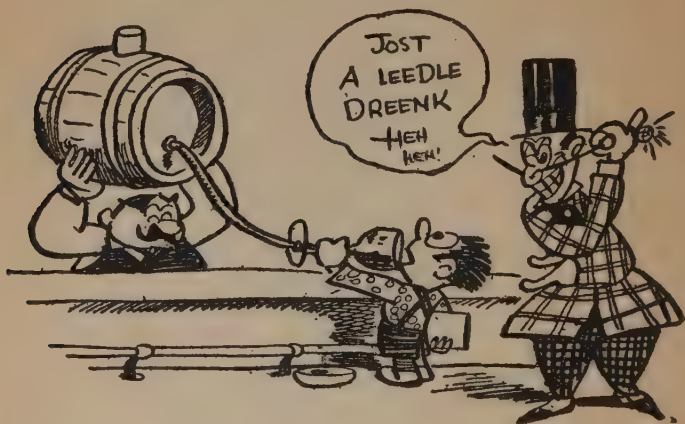
“So how is de zoop, mine brafe led, ha—goot? ? ? So come by me in de huffice to-morrow so you’ll ketch dere in de neeck from time mine crooked bookkipper wot he embazzles by me de sickyooritizz wot you’ll safe gradually from rumination de beezness. So efter dees you’ll jost hev time you should ketch a fife-feeftin you should prewent it should furrcluzz de Squire de muggidge by you momma on de cottage. So den I’ll gonna make you in de beezness a pottner wot you’ll merry gredually mine dudder wot’ll reform de tonn bully he should be from hair-nats a sailissman. So you’ll be Prasident from de beezness, witt a stockholder by de benk, witt a sherr in de railrote, witt a diractor by de telaphun company—honly of cuss in horder you should show wot it’s

by you a democretic speerit, so avery wick you'll come by de fontain in de Ceety Hull you should take witt de nooseboys a sweem—is no? ?”

CHAPTER FIVE

It Mitts Our Hirro a Strancher

“Wal wal—denged eef it haint de keed heemsalf by jeemeny creckers, by hack! Gosh hall feesh-



hooks! By gom, you dun't rackonize me!! Wal, jeemeny creeckets, I'm you grenfodder's cozzin Zik from Crembarry Cunners—Shoore!! Of cuss. To where do you going? To de benk witt wot? Witt stocks, witt bounds, witt nutts, witt chacks.

You a benk massanger, ha? Wal wal, hood hev tonk it! C'mon, hev a trifle wheeskey—pst—bot-tander—fife feengers—heh heh heh—heh heh heh heh—heh heh!!

CHAPTER SEEX

Cocklusion

Smesh by you de beggedge, sorr? Shine? Polish? Woild, Harrold, Prass'——

Hm, sotch a dollink baby ate opp hall de stood pitches.

XXIX

GRICK MITT FROM DE GUGGON'S HEAD

Oohoo, nize baby, itt opp all de cunnstotch putting, so momma'll gonna tell you a Grick Mitt from Poiseus witt de Guggon's head. Wance oppon a



time was a werry ferusshis mounster antitled Guggon. So instat it should be by her on de had hair like a human bing—so was dere snakes witt reptiles witt hedders, witt all deeference sutts from wenemous wipers. (Nize baby, take annodder spoon cunnstotch putting.) So on de top from dees, dot weeckit critchure wot she was hed ulso a megic treeck wot annyone wot he looked on her in de faze so be bicame immiddittly toined into stun!! So dun't esk!!!

POT TWO

So de Scolptors' Union from Griss bicame extrim-
mingly exesperated from de frickquincy witt wheech
it was deweloping in de commutiny a overdoze from
statues. So dey held gredually a messmitting wot
dey went by de Keeng wot dey sad so:

"Bagging you parron, You Mejesty, bot stetees-
tics show wot lest sizzon in dees time was a poppila-
tion in Griss from seex tousand witt fife hondred
witt feefty-fur pipple, witt savantinn statues. So
is now in dees sizzon a poppilation from toidy-fife
pipple witt seex tousand statues, denks to dot goot-
for-notting Guggon. So, is dees a system—wot on
accont from a doidy Guggon it should be from de
Sculptor's Union de rumination, ha? Besides it
should stott opp maybe witt de Rumman Hempire
a wur, so you'll geeve a "Squats ride" odder a
"Squats laft" to de statues. So wot'll gonna be?
Hm! You gatting pale, ha? Noo, so geeve a ed-
vice! !"

POT TREE

So de Keeng made witt Poiseus negotiations he
should chop huff from de Guggon de had, wot he
dippotted full from conference. So on de way he

stopped by Moicury wot he was by de Grick Gotts de massanger-boy. So he sad: "Noo, goot-mon-nink, kirro!! Hozz treecks?" So Moicury sad: "On de freetz!! Hm—a bom greft dees massage beezness toined hout!!"

"So wot's de metter??"

"Hm!! Wot aint??? I hed lest wick to de-leever to Pandora a box—noo, noo—so dun't esk!! Odder dees, odder witt cendles I got to rosh queeck to Ulysses, dot dope, he should push in de hears wax, it shouldn't wemp heem de Sirens. . . . So I come home wot I'm poffing witt penting witt hout from bratt, so dey geeving me to deleever to Diogenes a massage!! So I esk: 'Where it leeves Diogenes?' So dey geeve me a henswer: 'In a berrell!' So dun't esk! So a whole night I'm looking in berrells witt hesh-kens witt gobbidge-pails—so it comes de monnink so I gat a call I should go by Meesus Pluto I should take for a wukk de dug in de pock. Hm—a dug!!! witt tree hads, yat!!! He should see on hall site yat kets!! Ho hom. . . . Wal, its hall in a day's woik! Noo, so hozz by you treecks??"

"Hm! Not so goot. Dees hirro recket ain't wot dey crecking it opp to be, idder . . . I got now a toff preposition on de hends—I should chop huff de Gug-

gon de had. So could I borrow by you maybe de shoes witt de weengs?—! ! !

So Moicury sad: "Ho K—bot be a leedle careful. I jost hed put on a new pair weengs, und is werry crenky witt grotchy dees days de boss—on account wot it got merried by heem de dudder witt a leerie wrider! ! How about maybe a leedle shot hootch befurr you go—is jost huff de galley? ? ! !"

"No, denks, I'll gonna see snakes enoff like dees. . . . I'll ritoin naxt wick de shoes. Got a metch? ? —denks. . . . S'lonk!" . . .

"S'lonk. . . . Lots from lock." . . .

POT FURR

So Poiseus arrifed by de Guggon's houze wot he gave a reeng de durr. So it uppened opp de maid de durr wot she sad: "Noo, wot you weesh? ?"

So Poiseus sad: "I'm from de gezz compeneh, I should ridd de gezz-mitter."

So de maid sad: "Take batter a teep und bitt it queeck! De Guggon hez de hibby-jibbies on account wot it's a strike from snake-chommers, so she hez to comb hersalf de hair. . . . So she'll geeve you a look wot'll make by you yat a bronstunn front! !"

So Poiseus sad: "Wal, wal, is dees a fect? Denks for de inflammation. Goot-pye!"

So instat he should go away, so he snicked in de beck from de houze so he hoid by a weindow a "Rettle!! Rettle!!" So he sad: "Aha, de bood-war!! So is combing Meesus Guggon de hair, ha? So wait!!"

So he took hout from de beg a rebbitt wot he



pushed it in de yod; so de snakes from de Guggon's had gave a look on de rebbitt so dey gave gredually a pull hout from de weindow de Guggon wot Poiseus chopped it huff de had!!

(Hm! Sotch a dollink baby, ate opp all de cunn-stotch putting!!)

XXX

STURRY FROM REEP WEN WEENKLE, WOT HE SLAPT FOR TWANTY YIRRS

Oohoo, nize baby, zip opp all de lantil zoop, so momma'll gonna tell you a sturry from Reep Wen Weenkle. Wance oppon a time was leeving in de Ketskill montains de oily Dotch tsettlers. So wan from dese tsettlers was entitled Reep Wen Weenkle. So Reep was a wery heppy-go-locky sudd from a indiwidijil, wot he hed it sotch a tarrible neg from a wife wot she was woister ivvin from a shrewd!! (Nize baby, take annodder zip lantil zoop.)

So you should see a incompactability witt wheech she denominated heem, wot it was by her wegging de tong cisslessly, witt sturmy sinns, witt squapples, wot it was a shame from de whole Solliwan Conty. So bing wot Reep hed it by nature a werry mikk deesposeetion, so instat he should take a fence wot she hipped on heem a whole time wolleys from abuze, so de honly constellation wot he hed was wot



he would geeve a look de dug wot he would geeve heem a edwice so: "Noo, Schneider, hold boy, if you ain't merried—so——DUN'T GAT! !"

POT TWO

So wan huttum hefternoon in Hoctober, Reep was strulling alung in de montains so hall from a sudden it gave a woice from a mysteerous sauce a "hollo" so: "Reep Wen Weenkle! ! ! Reep Wen Weenkle! ! ! Oohoo, Ree—eep Wen Weenkle! ! Paging Meester Wen Weenkle! ! !" So Reep gave gredually a look so he nutticed wat it was stending in de front from heem a kraut from strange critchures wot itch wan was a Dwuff. So he sad: "Aha! !—Geeve a look! Sinker's Meedgits! !—Wal, wal—Yi yi yi—look a kag beer dey got yat! ! Wot's dees—Rom-ronning, ha? ? ! ! So dun't gat skerred, boyiss. Is Ho K by me! !—Wait yat—I'll geeve you batter a leeft witt de kag you shouldn't sprain maybe a litigant!"

So dey stoddod gredually dey should clamor opp de montains. So on de top was dere a boiling elley, wot de Dwuffs commanced dey should boil a game from nine peens. So bitwinn de minntime, Ripp gave a look de kag wot he sad: "Hm—I tink wot I'll gonna snick mable a leedle sweeg hootch."

So he gave gredually a zip wot he sad: "Hm—mmm mmm mm—De rill stoff, boyiss!! Whooz by you de bootlagger, ha? (zip) Hm, hev anodder on me, boyiss (zip) ha-ha!! Not bed!! (zip) Switt Hed-dell-line!! — — !!! —Ee—ee—ee!!!!



Wot?? Whooz breaking opp de game?? So's you hold man!—(hic) (zip)— — —Boyiss, I got de (zip) swittest liddle wife in de woild home (hic) . . . Who— — ?? —Whooz pooshing you??!! — —You pooshing me— —!!! Jost wan murr bifurr we go—(zip) WHO?—I could leeck enny (hic) Dwuff in de Ketskill— —enny— —e-n-n-y. . . ." Und so he bicame overpowdered from de hootch wot he fell into a dipp slipp.

POT TREE

So Reep awukkk so was alrady a brudd sonshine—so he gave a look, so was by heem on de faze wheeskers a foot lung. So he sad, “So! ! !—YI YI YI! !—Geeve a look! It could be maybe wot I was dreinking a whole night hair-risturrer, may be, Ha? ? Hm — — sotch a had! ! !—Naver again! !—Noo, Schneider, hold keed, so wot I’ll gonna tell de switt woman, ha? ? Mmm m m m—lat’s see— . . . Was a tie-opp in de sobway, so — — — Ho, hom, wot’s de use? ? ?—I’ll gat annahoe witt de rulling peen! ! ! . . . Is no? ?—Comm on, lat’s we’ll go. . . .”

POT FUR

So Reep retoined to de willage so he was extrimingly bewilted wot it gritted heem on hall sites new houzes, witt strange fazes, witt stritt cars, witt huttomobiles, witt treffic cops, witt a posthuffice, wot he sad: “Hm — — geeve a look a dewelopment hovernight from a commutiny! ! ! — — Yi yi yi—De tings wot dem rill-hestate pippel dey doong in dees days! !—Hm!—Hood hev tutt it?”—

So it stotted in to fowling heem a kraut pippel on accout from de strange gob wot he was werring, ulso wot he hed in de hend yat de rival wot it was a law against concilled wappons.

So de lidder from de kraut sad: "Hm!—a specious kerrecter. So wot you weesh in dees tonn, ha?"

So Reep sad:—"I'm looking for mine hold crunnies."

So de lidder sad:—"So whooz you hold crunnies??"

So Reep sad:—"So tell me, where is Chulius Blotz?"

So de lidder sad: "Ha! ha!—Chulius Blotz! !—He trite feeftin years ago he should geeve a hoggment a treffic cop. . . . He dite! !"

So Reep sad:—"Hm, sed noose — —. So where is Deenklespill, de bootcher?"

So de lidder sad: "Hm! you deedn't hoid! ! !—Sotch a griddy critchure witt a piker, wot he was, so in horder he should economice on de gezz-beels so he tutt he'll gonna cinch by de cheecken de fadders on de toid rail! !— . . . He dite."

So Reep sad:—"Yi yi yi — — "So wot was from Hotto Hossenfaffer?"

So de lidder said:—"O, heem! !—Was a cessational scendel! ! De willage wemp's hosband cutt heem hiting in de closet wot he gave a hexplanation, dot dope, wot he was waiting dere for a trolley car. . . . He dite! !"

So Reep sad:—"Hm — — — too bed! !—too

bed. . . . So wot was from—er—um—from — —
— Meesus Wen Weenkle? ? ? ? ?”

“She dite.”

“Hm—mm—You dun’t telling me! !—Dees is
rilly noose. So wait, I’ll gonna geeve a peench
minesalf, I shouldn’t be drimming——. So where
is Reep Wen Weenkle?”

So de lidder sad: “Hm!—Dot goot-for-notting.
Inquire better by de Missing Poisons Brewery, od-
der by Hoodini, maybe! ! He deed twanty yirrs
ago a dissapirring ect, wot he hoed yat beels de
bootcher, witt de tailor, witt de bottander, witt
heverybody helse in tonn! !”

So Reep sad: “So where is de bootcher witt de
tailor witt de bottander? ?”

“Dey dite.”

“So I’m Reep Wen Weenkle! ! !—”

So dey pricidded to explain wot instat he slapt
for one night so he slapt for twanty yirrs, so was
dere a re-onion witt de dudder, witt de dudder’s dud-
der, witt de great gren-dudder, wot dey hall leaved
heppily hever after.

(Hm! soch a dollink baby, zipped opp all de
lantil zoop!)

FIVE
DE RAVEN

DE RAVEN

GEEVE A LOOK IS IN DE RAVEN

Wance oppon a meednight drirry
While I rad a Teblويد chirry—
‘Pitches Hinnan gatting lirry—
Odder peectures on Page Furr;”
Gredually came a whecking,
Tutt I: “Feitlebaum is smecking,
Witt a razor strep shellecking
Goot for notting Isidore!
Smecks heem where de pents is lecking
In de rirr from Isidore.
Wheech hez heppened huft befurr!!

“Idder dees it could be odder
Ginsboig’s goot for notting brodder
Wot he’s fool from fire-wodder
Makes a herror in de durr.
YI YI—YI YI—YI YI—YI YI
Plizze’ll some one tell me why I
Got to hentertain a pie-eye.

"Ha, I mottered, gatting surr,
 "Got to hentertain a pie-eye wot he'll
 Seeng yat by de scurr
 Tsentimental suns from yurr? ? !",

So I geeve a shott, "Whooeezit
 Comming tricklock witt a weesit
 Witt a Brennigan axqueesite
 Witt a bonn on foidermore?"
 Open wide I trew de puttall
 Stending dere was not a muttal!
 "Heh, heh, heh" I gave a chuttle,
 "Why I deedn't tutt befurr? ?
 Sotch a dope! !" I gave a chuttle,
 "Not to nuttice it befurr—
 Cohn tecks coppets on de flurr! !

"Look de fullish cuzzes wot'll
 In de night a fallow stottle!"
 Sad I, hemptying a bottle,
 Whan it came yat teps some murr.
 Came a tep-tep-tep-tettooing,
 Plester from de cilling strewing,
 Sad I: "Wot's mine Tom-ket doing
 Opp above mine chamber durr.
 Could he be a she-ket wooing

Feeftin fitt above de flurr.

Look! A filline troubadour! ! !”

Prompt I'll gonna put a ki-bosh

On de patting poddy—“MY GOSH!”

Scrimmed I, grebbing for a heye-wash,

“Wot could dees be on mine durr? ?”

Hibby-jibbizz! !—Hev I gottem? ?

Dot lest bottle, deed it stottem? ?

Look it seets on his Bleck Bottom—

Seets a Raven on mine durr! !

Seets dere und ripitts voibotim

Opp above mine chamber-durr

One woid spitches: “Navermore.”

“Mine curiosity oxcusing,

Would you mind plizze hintrodoozing

Who you are to bost mine snoozing

Opp like dees?” I gave a rurr.

“Hm—it simms you not a tukker!

Wot's de metter, Meester Crukker?

Shell I cull opp Jeemy Wukker,

He should gritt you by mine durr?

He should make a spitch a cukker

Opp above mine chamber-durr—

You should henswer: ‘Navermore’? ! !

"Tal me, haducated boidy,
 Witt de spitches lung und woidy
 Are you bleck or jost plain doidy?
 Were you like dees hirttofurrr?
 Could be maybe you a toikey,
 Painted witt de color moiky,



So dot no sansations joiky
 On de nack wheech you adurr
 Should distoib your comfitt smoiky
 On Nowamber twanty-furr
 In a luckal bootcher-sturr? ? ?

Soon de daylight will be dunning,
 Nuttice plizze—ho hom—I'm yunning—
 Wot it's tricklock in de munning—
 It'll gonna soon be furr.

I dun't like you style high-hettish
Ciss de hections plizze coquettish



Odder in a form door-mettish
You'll be lying on de flurr! !



Batter in tan sacunds flettish
Aexecute a Terpsichurr
Lightly hout mine chamber-durr."

Bot de deespossass procidding
Feenished opp witt me stempidding
Like a strik from lightning spidding
Tudds de hexit troo mine durr.
Aggs he stotted opp dere hetching
Und from shalls demsalves deteching
Leetle ravens now are scretching
Opp mine brend-new pocket-flurr!
Und so soon dey feenish scretching
Itch wan lays a dozen murr!
Und I'm hibby-jibbizz ketching,
Trying I should kipp de scurr—
Dot's hall dere eez—dere's notting murr.

THE END

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